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CORIOLANUS.

A

T R A G E D Y.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



L O N D O N :

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M D C C X X X I V .



Dramatis Personæ.

CA I U S Martius Coriolanus, *a noble Roman, hated by the common people.*

Titus Lartius, } *Generals against the Volscians, and friends*
Cominius, } *to Coriolanus.*

Meneius Agrippa, *friend to Coriolanus.*

Sicinius Velutus, } *Tribunes of the people, and enemies to*
Junius Brutus, } *Coriolanus.*

*Tullus Aufidius, *General of the Volscians.*

Lieutenant to Aufidius,

Young Martius, son to Coriolanus.

Volumnia, mother to Coriolanus.

Virgilia, wife to Coriolanus.

Valeria, friend to Virgilia.

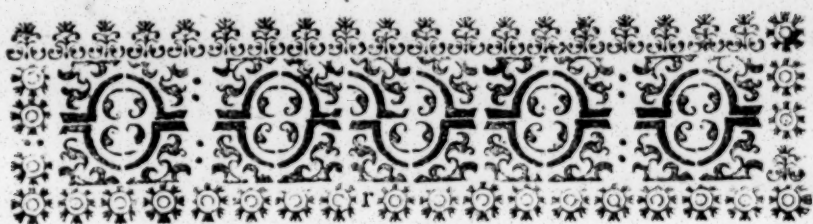
*Roman and Volscian Senators, Ædiles, Lictors, Soldiers,
Common People, Servants to Aufidius, and other
Attendants.*

*The SCENE is partly in ROME and partly
in the Territory of the VOLSCIANS.*

*The whole History exactly follow'd, and many of the principal
Speeches copy'd from the life of Coriolanus in Plutarch.*

C O R I O L A N U S

APR



CORIO LANUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter a company of mutinous Citizeus with staves, clubs, and other weapons

I CITIZEN.



BEFORE we proceed any further, hear me speak.

All. Speak, speak.

1 *Cit.* You are all resolv'd rather to die than to famish?

All. Resolv'd, resolv'd.

1 *Cit.* First, you know, *Caius Martius* is the chief enemy to the people.

All. We know't.

1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we'll have corn at our own price. Is't a verdict;

All. No more talking on't, le't be done, away, away.

2 *Cit.* One word, good citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poor citizens; the Patricians good: What authority surfeits on would relieve us: If they would yield us but the superfluity, while it were wholesome, we might guess they relieved us humanely: But they think we are too dear! the lean-ness that afflicts us, the object of our misery, is as an inventory to particularize their abundance; our sufferance is a gain to them. Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become rakes: For the Gods know, I

ſpeak this in hunger for bread, not in thirſt for revenge.

2 *Cit.* Would you proceed eſpecially againſt *Caius Martius*?

All. Againſt him firſt: He's a very dog to the commonalty.

2 *Cit.* Conſider you what ſervices he has done for his country?

1 *Cit.* Very well: And could be content to give him good report for't; but that he pays himſelf with being proud.

All. Nay, but ſpeak not maliciously.

1 *Cit.* I ſay unto you, what he hath done famously, he did it to that end; though ſoft-conſcienc'd men can be content to ſay it was for his country, he did it to pleaſe his mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, even to the altitude of his virtue.

2 *Cit.* What he cannot help in his nature, you account a vice in him: You muſt in no way ſay he is covetous.

1 *Cit.* If I muſt not, I need not be barren of accusations; he hath faults, with ſurplus, to tire in repetition.

[*Shouts within.*]

What ſhouts are thoſe? the other ſide o'th' city is riſen, why ſtay we prating here? to the Capitol——

All. Come, come.

1 *Cit.* Soft——who comes here?

S C E N E II.

Enter Menenius Agrippa.

2 *Cit.* Worthy *Menenius Agrippa*; one that hath always lov'd the people.

1 *Cit.* He's one honeſt enough, would all the reſt were ſo.

Men. What work's, my countrymen, in hand? where go you with your bats and clubs? the matter—ſpeak, I pray you.

2 *Cit.* Our buſineſs is not unknown to the ſenate they have had inkling, this fortnight, what we intend to do, which now we'll ſhew 'em in deeds: They ſay, poor ſuiters have ſtrong breaths, they ſhall know we have ſtrong arms too.

Men.

Men. Why, masters, my good friends, mine honest neighbours, will you undo your selves ?

2 Cit. We cannot, Sir, we are undone already,

Men. I tell you, friends, most charitable care Have the Patricians of you : For your wants, Your sufferings in this dearth, you may as well Strike at the heaven with your staves, as list them Against the *Roman* state ; whose course will on The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs Of more strong links asunder, than can ever Appear in your impediment. For the dearth, The Gods, not the Patricians, make it ; and Your knees to them, not arms must help. Alack, You are transported by calamity Thither, where more attends you ; and you slander The helms o'th' state, who care for you, like fathers, When you curse them as enemies.

2 Cit. Care for us !—true indeed, they ne'er car'd for us yet. Suffer us to famish, and their store-houses cramm'd with grain : Make edicts for usury, to support usurers ; repeal daily any wholesome act established against the rich, and provide more piercing statutes daily to chain up and restrain the poor. If the wars eat us not up, they will, and there's all the love they bear us.

Men. Either you must Confess your selves wondrous malicious. Or be accus'd of folly. I shall tell you A pretty tale, it may be you have heard it, But since it serves my purpose, I will venture To scale't a little more.

2 Cit. Well, I'd hear it, Sir—yet you must not think To sob off our disgrace with a tale : But, and't please you, deliver.

Men. There was a time when all the body's members Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it—— That only like a gulf it did remain I'th' midst o'th' body, idle and unactive, Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing Like labour with the rest ; where th' other instruments Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,

And mutually participate, did minister
 Unto the appetite, and affection common
 Of the whole body. The belly answer'd——

2 Cit. Well, Sir, what answer made the belly?

Men. Sir, I shall tell you with a kind of smile,
 Which ne'er came from the lungs, but even thus—
 (For look you, I may make the belly smile,
 As well as speak) it tauntingly reply'd
 'To the discontented members, the mutinous parts
 That envied his receipt; even so most fitly,
 As you malign our senators, for that
 They are not such as you——

2 Cit. Your belly's answer—what
 The kingly crowned head, the vigilant eye,
 The counsellor heart, the arm our soldier,
 Our steed the leg, the tongue our trumpeter;
 With other muniments and petty helps
 In this our fabrick, if that they——

Men. What then?—for me this fellow speaks.
 What then? what then?

2 Cit. Should by the cormorant belly be restrain'd;
 Who is the sink o'th' body——

Men. Well,—— what then?

2 Cit. The former agents, if they did complain,
 What could the belly answer?

Men. I will tell you,
 If you'll bestow a small (of what you have little)
 Patience, a while; you'll hear the belly's answer.

2 Cit. You're long about it.

Men. Note me this, good friend;
 Your most grave belly was deliberate,
 Not rash, like his accusers, and thus answer'd;
 True is it, my incorporate friends, quoth he,
 'That I receive the general food at first
 Which you do live upon; and fit it is,
 Because I am the store-house, and the shop
 Of the whole body. But if you do remember,
 I send it through the rivers of your blood
 Even to the court, the heart, to th' seat o'th' brain,
 And through the cranks and offices of man;
 The strongest nerves, and small inferior veins
 From me receive that natural competency

Whereby

Whereby they live. And though that all at once,
You, my good friends, (this says the belly) mark me—
2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, well, well.

Men. Though all at once, cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all
From me do back receive the flow'r of all,
And leave me but the bran. What say you to't?

2 *Cit.* It was an answer—how apply you this?

Men. The senators of *Rome* are this good belly,
And you the mutinous members; for examine
Their counsels, and their cares; digest things rightly
Touching the weal o'th' common, you shall find
No publick benefit which you receive,
But it proceeds or comes from them to you,
And no way from your selves. What do you think?
You, the great toe of this assembly?

2 *Cit.* I the great toe! why the great toe?

Men. For that being one o'th' lowest, basest, poorest
Of this most wise rebellion, thou goest foremost:
Thou rascal, that art worst in blood to run,
Lead'st first to win some vantage.
But make you ready your stiff bats and clubs,
Rome and her rats are at the point of battel:
The one side must have bail.

S C E N E III.

Enter Caius Martius.

Hail, noble *Martius*!

Mar. Thanks. What's the matter; you dissentious
rogues?

That rubbing the poor itch of your opinion,
Make your selves scabs.

2 *Cit.* We have ever your good word.

Mar. He that will give good words to thee, will flatter
Beneath abhorring. What would you have, ye curs,
That like not peace, nor war? The one affrights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where he should find you lions, finds you hares:
Where foxes, geese you are: No furer, no,
Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,

To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that
 Which would increase his evil. He that depends
 Upon your favours swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—trust ye!
 With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble that was now your hate,
 Him vile, that was your garland. What's the matter,
 That in the several places of the city
 You cry against the noble Senate, who
 (Under the Gods) keep you in awe, which else
 Would feed on one another? what's their seeking?

Men. For corn at their own rates, whereof, they say,
 The city is well stor'd.

Mar. Hang 'em: They say! ———
 They'll sit by th' fire, and presume to know
 What's done i'th' Capitol; who's like to rise,
 Who thrives, and who declines: Side factions, and give
 out

Conjectural marriages; making parties strong,
 And feebling such as stand not in their liking,
 Below their cobbled shoes. They say there's grain
 enough!

Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pitch my lance.

Men. Nay, these are almost thoroughly persuaded:
 For though abundantly they lack discretion,
 Yet are they passing cowardly. But, I beseech you,
 What says the other troop?

Men. They are dissolv'd; hang 'em,
 They said they were an hungry, sigh'd forth proverbs;
That hunger broke stone walls—that dogs must eat,—
That meat was made for mouths—that the Gods sent not
Corn not for rich men only— With these shreds
 They vented their complainings: Which being answer'd,
 And a petition granted them, a strange one,
 To break the heart of generosity,
 And make bold power look pale; they threw their caps

As they would hang them on the horns o'th' moon,
Shouting their emulation.

Men. What is granted them ?

Mar. Five tribunes to defend their vulgar wisdoms
Of their own choice. One's *Junius Brutus*,
Sicinius Velutus, and I know not — s'death,
The rabble should have first unroost the city
Ere so prevail'd with me ! it will in time
Win upon power, and throw forth great themes
For insurrectons arguing.

Men. This is strange.

Mar. Go get you home, you fragments.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Where's *Caius Martius* ?

Mar. Here — what's the matter ?

Mes. The news is, Sir, the *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. I am glad on't, then we shall have means to vent
Our musty Superfluity. See, our best elders —

S C E N E IV.

*Enter Sicinius Velutus, Junius Brutus, Cominius,
Titus Lartius, with other Senators.*

Sen. Martius, 'tis true, that you have lately told us,
The *Volscians* are in arms.

Mar. They have a leader,
Tullus Aufidius, that will put you to't.
I sin in envying his nobility :
And where I any thing but what I am,
I'd wish me only he.

Com. You have fought together ?

Mar. Were half to half the world by th' ears, and he
Upon my party, I'd revolt, to make
Only wars with him. He is a lion
That I am proud to hunt.

Sen. Then worthy *Martius*.
Attend upon *Cominius* to these wars.

Com. It is your former promise.

Mar. Sir, it is ;
And I am constant : *Titus Lartius*, thou
Shalt see me once more strike at *Tullus*' Face.
What, art thou stiff ? stand'st out ?

Tit. No, *Caius Martius*,
I'll lean upon one crutch, and fight with t'other ;
Ere flay behind this bufinefs.

Men. O true bred !

1 *Sen.* Your company to th' Capitol ; where I know
Our greateft friends attend us.

Tit. Lead you on ;
Follow *Cominius*, we muft follow you,
Right worthy your priority.

Com. Noble *Martius*.

1 *Sen.* Hence to your homes————be gone.
[*To the Citizens.*]

Mar. Let them follow,
The *Volsicians* have much corn : Take thefe rats thither
To gnaw their garner. Worshipful murtineers,
Your valour puts forth ; pray follow. [Exit.

[*Citizens steal away. Manent Sicinius and Brutus.*]

Sic. Was ever man fo proud as is this *Martius* ?

Bru. He has no equal.

Sic. When we were chosen tribunes for the people—

Bru. Mark'd you his lip and eyes ?

Sic. Nay, but his taunts.

Bru. Being mov'd, he will not spare to gird the Gods—

Sic. Be-mock the modest moon.

Bru. The present wars devour him, he is grown
Too proud to be fo valiant.

Sic. Such a nature,

Tickled with good fuccefs, difdains the shadow
Which he treads on at noon ; but I do wonder
His infolence can brook to be commanded
Under *Cominius* !

Bru. Fame, at the which he aims,
In whom already he is well grac'd, cannot
Better be held, nor more attain'd than by
A place below the firft ; for what mifcarries
Shall be the general's fault, tho' he perform
To the utmost of a man ; and giddy censure
Will then cry out of *Martius* : Oh, if he
Had born the bufinefs——

Sic. Befides, if things go well,
Opinion, that fo flicks on *Martius*, fhall
Of his demerits rob *Cominius*.

Bru.

Bru. Come ; half all *Cominius*' honours are to *Martius*,
Though *Martius* earn'd them not ; and all his faults
To *Martius* shall be honours, though indeed
In ought he merit not.

Sic. Let's hence, and hear
How the dispatch is made, and in what fashion,
More than his singularity, he goes
Upon this present action.

Bru. Let's along.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Tullus Aufidius with Senators of Corioli.

1 *Sen.* So, your opinion is, *Aufidius*,
That they of *Rome* are entred in our counsels,
And know how we proceed.

Auf. Is it not yours ?
What ever hath been thought on in this State
That could be brought to bodily act, ere *Rome*
Had circumvention ? 'tis not four days gone
Since I heard thence — these are the words — I think
I have the letter here, yes — here it is ;
They have prest a power, but it is not known
Whether for East or West ; the dearth is great,
The people mutinous ; and it is rumour'd
Cominius, *Martius* your old enemy,
(Who is of *Rome* worse hated than of you)
And *Titus Lartius*, a most valiant Roman,
These three lead on this preparation
Whither 'tis bent — most likely, 'tis for you :
Consider of it.

1 *Sen.* Our army's in the field :
We never yet made doubt, but *Rome* was ready
To answer us.

Auf. Nor did you think it folly
To keep your great pretences veil'd, 'till when
They needs must shew themselves, which in the hatching
It seem'd appear'd to *Rome*. By the discovery,
We shall be shortned in our aim, which was
To take in many towns, ere (almost) *Rome*
Should know we were a-foot.

2 *Sen.* Noble *Aufidius*
Take your commission, hie you to your bands,

Let us alone to guard *Corioli*,
 If they set down before's; for the remove
 Bring up your army: but, I think, you'll find
 They are not prepar'd for us.

Auf. O, doubt not that,
 I speak from certainties. Nay, more,
 Some parcels of their power are forth already,
 And only hitherward. I leave your honours.
 If we and *Caius Martius* chance to meet,
 'Tis sworn between us, we shall ever strike
 'Till one can do no more,

All. The Gods assist you.

Auf. And keep your honours safe.

1. *Sen.* Farewel.

2. *Sen.* Farewel.

All. Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Volumnia and Virgilia, they sit down on two
 low stools, and sew.*

Vol. Pray you, daughter, sing, or express your
 self, in a more comfortable Sort: If my son were
 my husband, I would freelier rejoice in that absence
 wherein he won honour, than in the embracements
 of his bed, where he would shew most love. When
 yet he was but tender bodied, and the only Son of my
 womb; when youth with comeliness plucked, all gaze
 his way; when for a day of Kings entreaties, a mo-
 ther should not sell him an hour from her beholding.
 I, considering how honour would become such a per-
 son, that it was no better than picture-like to hang by
 th'wall, if renown made it not stir, was pleas'd to let
 him seek danger where he was like to find fame: to
 a cruel war I sent him, from whence he return'd, his
 brows bound with oak. I tell thee, daughter, I sprang
 no more in joy at first hearing he was a man-child,
 than now in first seeing he had proved himself a Man.

Vir. But had he died in the business, Madam, how
 then?

Vol. Then his good report should have been my
 son; I therein would have found issue. Hear me pro-
 fess sincerely: Had I a dozen sons each in my love a-
 like

like, and none less dear than thine and my good *Martius*, I had rather eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action.

Enter a Gentlewoman.

Gent. Madam, the lady *Valeria* is come to visit you.

Vir. Beseech you give me leave to retire my self.

Vol. Indeed, thou shalt not:

Methinks I hither hear your husband's drum:

I see him pluck *Aufidius* down by th' hair:

Methinks, I see him stamp thus—and call thus—

(As children from a bear) the *Volscei* shunning him:

Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear

Though you were born in *Rome*; his bloody brow

With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes

Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow,

Or all, or lose his hire.

Vir. His bloody brow! oh *Jupiter*, no blood.

Vol. Away, you fool; it more becomes a man

Than gilt his trophy. The breast of *Hecuba*,

When she did suckle *Hector*, look'd not lovelier

Than *Hector's* forehead, when it spit forth blood

At *Grecian* swords contending; tell *Valeria*

We are fit to bid her welcome.

[*Exit Gent.*]

Vir. Heav'n's blefs my lord from fell *Aufidius*.

Vol. He'll beat *Aufidius'* head below his knee,
And tread upon his neck.

Enter Valeria with an usher, and a gentlewoman.

Val. My ladies both, good day to you.

Vol. Sweet Madam—

Vir. I am glad to see your ladyship—

Val. How do you both? you are manifest house-keepers. What are you sewing here? a fine spot, in good faith. How does your little son?

Vir. I thank your ladyship: well, good Madam.

Vol. He had rather see the swords, and hear a drum, than look upon his schoolmaster.

Val. A my word, the father's son: I'll swear 'tis a very pretty boy. A my troth I look'd on him o' *Wednesday* half an hour together—ha's such a confirm'd countenance. I saw him run after a gilded butterfly,
and

and when he caught it, he let it go again; and after it again; and over and over he comes, and up again, and caught it again; or whether his fall enrag'd him, or how 'twas, he did so set his teeth, and did tear it, oh, I warrant how he mammoct it!

Vol. One o's father's moods.

Val. Indeed la, 'tis a noble child.

Vir. A crack, Madam.

Val. Come, lay aside your fitchery, I must have you play the idle hufwife with me this afternoon.

Vir. No, good Madam, I will not out of doors.

Val. Not out of doors!

Vol. She shall, she shall.

Vir. Indeed no, by your patience; I'll not over the threshold, 'till my lord return from the wars.

Val. Fie, you confine your self unreasonably: Come, you must go visit the good lady that lyes in.

Vir. I wish her speedy strength, and visit her with my prayers, but I cannot get hither.

Vol. Why, I pray you?

Vir. 'Tis not to save labour, nor that I want love.

Val. You would be another *Penelope*; yet they say, all the yarn she spun in *Ulysses's* absence, did but fill *Ithaca* full of moths. Come, I would your cambrick were sensible as your finger, that you might leave pricking it for pity. Come, you shall go with us.

Vir. No, good Madam, pardon me, indeed I will not forth.

Vir. In truth la, go with me, and I'll tell you excellent news of your husband.

Vir. Oh, good Madam, there can be none yet.

Val. Verily I do not jest with you; there came news from him last night.

Vir. Indeed, Madam——

Val. In earnest it's true, I heard a senator speak it. Thus it is—the *Volsicians* have an army forth, against whom *Cominius* the general is gone, with one part of our *Roman* power. Your lord and *Titus Lartius* are set down before their city *Corioli*, they nothing doubt prevailing, and to make it brief wars. This is true, on my honour; and so, I pray, go with us.

Vir. Give me excuse, good Madam, I will obey you
in

in every thing hereafter.

Vol. Let her alone, lady; as she is now, she will but diseafe our better mirth.

Val. In troth, I think she would: fare you well then. Come, good sweet lady. Pr'ythee, *Virgilia*, turn thy solemness out o' door, and go along with us.

Vir. No: at a word, Madam; indeed I must not. I wish you much mirth.

Val. Well, then farewell. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter Marcius, Titus Lartius, *with captains and soldiers: To them a messenger.*

Mar. Yonder comes news: a wager they have met.

Lart. My horse to yours, no.

Mar. 'Tis done.

Lart. Agreed.

Mar. Say, has our General met the enemy?

Mes. They lye in view; but have not spoke as yet.

Lart. So, the good horse is mine.

Mar. I'll buy him of you.

Lart. No, I'll not sell, nor give him: lend him you, I will,

For half an hundred years: Summon the town.

Mar. How far off lye these armies?

Mes. Within a mile and half.

Mar. Then shall we hear their larum, and they ours. Now *Mars* I pr'ythee make us quick in work; That we with smoaking swords may march from hence, To help our fielded friends. Come, blow the blast.

They sound a parley. Enter two Senators with others on the walls.

Tullus Aufidius, is he within your wall?

Senat. No, nor a man that fears you less than he, That's lesser than a little: hark, our drums

[*Drum afar off.*

Are bringing forth our youth: we'll break our walls Rather than they shall pound us up; our gates, Which yet seem shut, we have but pinn'd with rushes, They'll open of themselves. Hark you, far off

[*Alarum far off.*

There

There is *Aufidius*. List, what work he makes
Amongst your cloven army.

Mar. Oh, they are at it.

Dart. Let their noise be our instruction. Ladders, ho.

Enter the Volscians.

Mar. They fear us not, but issue forth their city.
Now put your shields before your hearts, and fight
With hearts more proof than shields. Advance, brave

Titus,

They do disdain us much beyond our thoughts,
Which makes me sweat with wrath. Come on, my
fellows,

He that retires, I'll take him for a *Volscian*,
And he shall feel mine edge.

[*Alarum; the Romans beat back to their trenches.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Re-enter Martius.

Mar. All the contagion of the south light on you,
You shames of *Rome*, you! herds of boils and plagues
Plaster you o'er, that you may be abhorr'd
Farther than seen, and one infect another
Against the wind a mile. You souls of geese,
That bear the shapes of men, how have you run
From slaves, that apes would beat? *Pluto* and hell!
All hurt behind, backs red, and faces pale
With flight and agued fear! mend, and charge home,
Or by the fires of heaven, I'll leave the foe,
And make my wars on you: look to't, come on;
If you'll stand fast, we'll beat them to their wives,
As they us to our trenches followed.

*Another alarum, and Martius follows them to the
gates, and is shut in.*

So, now the gates are open: now prove good seconds;
'Tis for the followers, fortune widens them;
Not for the fliers: mark me, and do the like.

[*He enters the gates.*]

1 *Sol.* Fool-hardiness, not I.

2 *Sol.* Nor I.

1 *Sol.* See, they have shut him in. [*Alarum continues.*]

All.

All. To th' pot, I warrant him.

Enter Titus Lartius.

Lart. What is become of *Martius*?

All. Slain, Sir, doubtless

1 Sol. Following the fliers at the very heels,
With them he enters; who upon the sudden
Clapt to their gates: he is himself alone,
To answer all the city.

Lart. Oh noble fellow!
Who sensibly out-dares his senseless sword,
And when it bows, stands up: thou art left, *Martius*—
A carbuncle intire, as big as thou art,
Were not so rich a jewel. Thou wast a soldier
Even to *Calvus*' wish, not fierce and terrible
Only in stroaks, but with thy grim looks, and
The thunder-like percussions of thy sounds,
Thou mad'st thine enemies shake, as if the world
Were feaverous, and did tremble.

Enter Martius bleeding, assaulted by the Enemy.

1 Sol. Look, Sir.

Lart. O, 'tis *Martius*.

Let's fetch him off, or make remain alike.

[*They fight, and all enter the City.*]

Enter certain Romans with Spoils.

1 Rom. This will I carry to *Rome*.

2 Rom. And I this.

3 Rom. A murrain on't, I took this for silver. [*Exe.*
[*Alarum continues still afar off.*]

Enter Martius and Titus Lartius, with a Trumpet.

Mar. See here these movers, that do prize their honours

At a crack'd drachm: cushions, leaden spoons,
Irons of a doit, doublets that hangmen would
Bury with those that wore them, these base slaves,
Ere yet the fight be done, pack up; down with them;
And hark, what noise the general makes! to him;
There is the man of my soul's hate, *Aufidius*,
Piercing our *Romans*: then valiant *Titus* take

Convenient

Convenient numbers to make good the city,
Whilst I, with those that have the spirit, will haste
To help *Cominius*.

Lart. Worthy Sir, thou bleed'st :
Thy exercise hath been too violent
For a second course of fight.

Mar. Sir, praise me not :
My work hath yet not warm'd me. Fare you well :
The blood I drop, is rather physical
Than dangerous to me.

T' *Aufidius* thus I will appear, and fight.

Lart. Now the fair Goddess Fortune
Fall deep in love with thee, and her great charms
Misguide thy opposers swords : bold gentleman !
Prosperity be thy page.

Mar. Thy friend no less,
Than those she placeth highest : so farewell.

Lart. Thou worthiest *Martius*,
Go sound thy trumpet in the market-place,
Call thither all the officers o'th' town,
Where they shall know our mind. Away. [Exeunt.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Cominius retreating with Soldiers.

Com. Breathe you, my friends ; well fought ; we are
come off

Like *Romans*, neither foolish in our stands
Nor cowardly in retire : Believe me, Sirs,
We shall be charg'd again. Whiles we have struck,
By interims and conveying gusts, we have heard
The charges of our friends. The *Roman* Gods
Lead their successes, as we wish our own,
That both our powers, with smiling fronts encountering,
May give you thankful sacrifice, Thy news ?

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. The citizens of *Corioli* have issued.
And given to *Lartius* and to *Martius* battel.
I saw our party to their trenches driven,
And then I came away.

Com. Tho' thou speak'st truth,
Methinks thou speak'st not well. How long is't since ?

Mef. Above an hour, my lord.

Com. 'Tis not a mile: briefly we heard their drums.
How could'st thou in a mile confound an hour,
And bring the news so late?

Mef. Spies of the *Volsicians*
Held me in chase, that I was forc'd to wheel
Three or four miles about, else had I, Sir,
Half an hour since brought my report.

Enter Martius.

Com. Who's yonder,
That does appear as he were flead? O Gods,
He has the stamp of *Martius*, and I have
Before time seen him thus.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. The shepherd knows not thunder from a tabor,
More than I know the sound of *Martius'* tongue,
From every meaner man.

Mar. Come I too late?

Com. Ay, if you come not in the blood of others,
But mantled in your own.

Mar. Oh! let me clip ye
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd in heart;
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bedward.

Com. Flower of warriors,
How is't with *Titus Lartius*?

Mar. As with a man busied about decrees;
Condemning some to death, and some to exile,
Ransoming him, or pitying, threaten'g th' other,
Holding *Corioli* in the name of *Rome*,
Even like a fawning grey-hound in the leash,
To let him slip at will.

Com. Where is that slave
Which told me as they beat you to your trenches?
Where is he? call him hither.

Mar. Let him alone,
He did inform the truth: but for our gentlemen,
The common file, (a plague! tribunes for them!)
The mouse ne'er shunn'd the cat, as they did budge
From rascals worse than they.

Com. But how prevail'd you?

Mar.

Mar. Will the time serve to tell? I do not think—
Where is the enemy? are you lords o'th' field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?

Com. *Martius*, we have at disadvantage fought,
And did retire to win our purpose.

Mar. How lies their battel? know you on what side
They have plac'd their men of trust?

Com. As I guess, *Martius*,
Their bands i'th' vaward are the *Antiates*
Of their best trust: o'er them *Aufidius*,
Their very heart of hope.

Mar. I do beseech you,
By all the battels wherein we have fought,
By th' blood we've shed together, by the vows
We've made to endure friends, that you directly
Set me against *Aufidius*, and his *Antiates*;
And that you not delay the present, but
Filling the air with swords advanc'd, and darts,
We prove this very hour——

Com. Though I could wish
You were conducted to a gentle bath,
And balms applied to you, yet dare I never
Deny your asking; take your choice of those
That best can aid your action.

Mar. Those are they
That most are willing, if any such be here,
(As it were sin to doubt) that love this painting
Wherein you see me smear'd; if any fear
Less for his person than an ill report:
If any think brave death out-weighs bad life,
And that his country's dearer than himself,
Let him alone, (or many if so minded)
Wave thus, t'express his disposition,
And follow *Martius*.

*[They all shout, and wave their swords, take him up
in their arms, and cast up their caps.]*

Oh! me alone, make you a sword of me:
If these shews be not outward, which of you
But is four *Volsicians*? none of you, but is
Able to bear against the great *Aufidius*
A shield as hard as his. A certain number
(Tho' thanks to all) must I select from all:

The rest shall bear the business in some other fight,
As cause will be obey'd; please you to march,
And four shall quickly draw out my command,
Which men are best inclin'd.

Com. March on, my fellows:
Make good this ostentation, and you shall
Divide in all with us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.

Titus Lartius having set a guard upon Corioli, going with drum and trumpet toward Cominius and Caius Martius; Enter with a lieutenant, other soldiers, and a scout.

Lart. So, let the ports be guarded; keep your duties
As I have set them down. If I do send, dispatch
Those centuries to our aid, the rest will serve
For a short holding; if we lose the field,
We cannot keep the town.

Lieu. Fear not our care, Sir.

Lart. Hence, and shut your gates upon's:
Our guider come, to th' Roman camp conduct us.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Alarum as in battel. Enter Martius and Aufidius, at several doors.

Mar. I'll fight with none but thee, for I do hate
thee
Worse than a promise-breaker.

Auf. We hate alike:
Not *Africk* owns a serpent I abhor
More than thy fame and envy; fix thy foot.

Mar. Let the first budger die the other's slave,
And the Gods doom him after.

Auf. If I fly, *Martius*, hollow me like a hare.

Mar. Within these three hours, *Tullus*,
Alone I fought in your *Corioli* walls,
And made what work I pleas'd: 'tis not my blood,
Wherein thou see'st me mask'd; for thy revenge
Wrench up thy power to th' highest.

Auf. Wert thou the *Hector*,
That was the whip of your bragg'd progeny,

Thou

Thou should'st not 'scape me here.

[*Here thy fight, and certain Volscians come to the aid of Aufidius. Martius fights 'till they be driven in breathless.*

Officious and not valiant!—you have sham'd me
In your condemned seconds.

Flourish. Alarum. A retreat is sounded. Enter at one door Cominius with the Romans: at another door Martius, with his arm in a scarf.

Com. If I should tell thee o'er this thy day's work,
Thou'lt not believe thy deeds: but I'll report it,
Where Senators shall mingle tears with smiles;
Where great Patricians shall attend, and shrug;
P'th' end admire; where ladies shall be frighted,
And gladly quack'd, hear more? where the dull Tri-
butes,

That with the fusty Plebeians, hate thine honours,
Shall say against their hearts, we thank the Gods
Our *Rome* hath such a foldier.

Yet can'st thou to a morsel of this feast,
Having fully din'd before.

Enter Titus Lartius with his power from the pursuit.

Lart. O General,
Here is the steed, we the caparison:
Hadst thou beheld——

Mar. Pray now, no more: my mother,
Who has a charter to extol her blood,
When she does praise me, grieves me:
I have done as you have done, that's what I can,
Induc'd as you have been, that's for my country?
He that has but effected his good will,
Hath overta'en mine act.

Com. You shall not be
The grave of your deserving, *Rome* must know
The value of her own: 'twere a concealment,
Worse than a theft, no less than a traducement,
To hide your doings, and to silence that,
Which to the spire and top of praises vouch'd,
Would seem but modest. therefore, I beseech you,
In sign of what you are, not to reward,

What

What you have done, before your army hear me.

Mar. I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remembred.

Com. Should they not,
Well might they fester 'gainst ingratitude,
And tent themselves with death : Of all the horses,
Whereof we have ta'en good, and good store, of all
The treasure in the field atchiev'd, and city,
We render you the tenth, to be ta'en forth,
Before the common distribution,
At your only choice,

Mar. I thank you, General:
But cannot make my heart consent to take
A bribe, to pay my Sword : I do refuse it,
And stand upon my common part with those
That have beheld the doing.

[*A long flourish, They all cry, Martius ! Martius !
cast up their caps and launces : Cominius and Lar-
tius stand bare.*

Mar. May these same instruments, which you profane,
Never found more : when drums and trumpets shall
I'th' field prove flatterers, let courts and cities
Be made all false-faced soothing.

When steel grows soft, as the parasite's silk,
Let him be made an overture for th' wars :
No more, I say ; for that I have not wash'd
My nose that bled, or foil'd some debile Wretch,
Which without note here's many else have done,
You shout me forth in acclamations hyperbolicall,
As if I lov'd my little should be dicted
In praises, fauc'd with lies.

Com. Too modest are you :
More cruel to your good report, than grateful
To us, that give you truly : by your patience,
If 'gainst yourself you be incens'd, we'll put you
(Like one that means his proper harm) in manacles,
Then reason safely with you : therefore be it known,
As to us, to all the world, that *Caius Martius*
Wears this wars garland ; in token of the which,
My noble steed, known to the camp, I give him,
With all his trim belonging ; and from this time,
For what he did before, *Corioli*, call him,

With

With all th' applause and clamour of the host,
Caius Martius Corolianus. Bear the addition nobly ever.

[*Flourish*. *Trumpets sound, and drums,*

Omnes. *Caius Martius Coriolanus!*

Mar. I will go wash :

And when my face is fair, you shall perceive.
 Whether I blush, or no. Howbeit, I thank you.
 I mean to stride your steed, and at all times
 To undercrest your good addition,
 To th' fairness of my power.

Com. So, to our tent :

Where, ere we do repose us, we will write
 To *Rome* our success : you *Titus Lartius*
 Must to *Corioli* back ; send us to *Rome*
 The best, with whom we may articulate,
 For their own good, and ours.

Lart. I shall, my lord.

Mar. The Gods begin to mock me :
 I that but now refus'd most princely Gifts,
 Am bound to beg of my lord-general.

Com. Take't, 'tis yours : what is't ?

Mar. I sometime lay here in *Corioli*,
 At a poor man's house : he us'd me kindly.
 He cry'd to me : I saw him prisoner :
 But then *Aufidius* was within my view,
 And wr ath o'er-whelm'd my pity ; I request yuo
 To give my poor host freedom.

Com. O well begg'd :

Were he butcher of my son, he should
 Be free as is the wind : deliver him, *Titus*.

Lart. *Martius*, his name ?

Mar. By *Jupiter*, forgot :

I am weary ; yea, my memory is tir'd :
 Have we no wine here ?

Com. Go we to our tent ;

The blood upon your visage dries ; 'tis time
 It should be look'd to : come.

Exeunt.

S C E N E XII.

A flourish. *Cornets*. Enter *Tullus Aufidius* bloody
 with two or three *Soldiers*.

Auf. The town is ta'en,

Sol.

Sol. 'Twill be deliver'd back on good condition.

Auf. Condition!

I would I were a *Roman*, for I cannot,
Being a *Volscian*, be that I am. Condition?
What good Condition can a treaty find
I'th' part that is at Mercy? Five times, *Martius*,
I have fought with thee, so often hast thou beat me:
And wouldst do so, I think, should we encounter
As often as we eat. By th' elements,
If ever again I meet him beard to beard,
He's mine, or I am his: mine emulation
Hath not that honour in't it had: for where
I thought to crush him in equal force,
True sword to sword, I'll potch at him some way;
Or wrath, or craft may get him.

Sol. He's the devil.

Auf. Bolder, tho' not so subtle: my valour (poison'd
With only suffering stain by him) for him
Shall flie out of itself: not sleep, nor sanctuary,
Being naked, sick, nor fane, nor capitol,
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarkments all of Fury, shalt lift up
Their rotten privilege and custom 'gainst
My hate to *Martius*. Where I find him, were it
At home, upon my brother's guard, even there
Against the hospital cannon, would I
Wash my fierce hand in's heart. Go you to th' city,
Learn how 'tis held, and what they are that must
Be hostages for *Rome*.

Sol. Will not you go?

Auf. I am attended at the cypress grove. I pray you
('Tis south the city mills) bring me word thither
How the world goes, that to the pace of it
I may spur on my journey.

Sol. I shall, Sir,

[*Exeunt.*]



B

A C T



ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Menenius with Sicinius and Brutus.

Menenius. **T**HE Augur tells me, we shall have news to-night.

Bru. Good or bad?

Men. Not according to the prayer of the people, for they love not *Martius*.

Sic. Nature teaches beasts to know their friends.

Men. Pray you, whom does the wolf love?

Sic. The lamb.

Men. Ay, to devour him, as the hungry Plebeians would the noble *Martius*.

Bru. He's a lamb, indeed, that baes like a bear.

Men. He's a bear, indeed, that lives like a lamb. You two are old men, tell me one thing that I shall ask you.

Both. Well, Sir.

Men. In what enormity is *Martius* poor, that you two have not in abundance.

Bru. He's poor in no one fault, but stor'd with all.

Sic. Especially in pride.

Bru. And topping all others in boast.

Men. This is strange now! do you two know how you are censur'd here in the city, I mean of us o'th' right file, do you?

Bru. Why——— how are we censur'd?

Men. Because you talk of pride now, you will not be angry?

Both. Well, well, Sir, well.

Men. Why, 'tis no great matter; for a very little thief of occasion will rob you of a great deal of patience——— give your dispositions the reins, and be angry at your pleasures, (at the least) if you take it as a pleasure to you, in being so——— you blame *Martius* for being proud.

Bru. We do it not alone, Sir.

Men. I know you can do very little alone, for your helps are many, or else your actions would grow wondrous single; your abilities are too infant-like, for doing

doing much alone. You talk of Pride ——— oh, that you could turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks, and make but an interior survey of your good selves. O that you could!

Bru. What then, Sir?

Men. Why then you should discover a brace of as unmeriting, proud, violent, testy magistrates, *alias*, fools as any in *Rome*,

Sic. Menenius, you are known well enough too.

Men. I am known to be a humerous patrician, and one that loves a cup of hot wine with not a drop of allaying *Tyber* in't; said to be something imperfect in favouring the first complaint; hasty and tinder like, upon too trivial motion; one that converses more with the buttock of the night, than with the forehead of the morning. What I think I utter, and spend my malice in my breath. Meeting two such weals-men as you are (I cannot call you *Lycurgusses*) if the drink you give me touch my palate adverstly, I make a crooked face at it. I can say, your worships have deliver'd the matter well, when I find the *afs* in compound with the major part of your syllables; and tho' I must be content to bear with those that say you are reverend grave men, yet they lie deadly that tell you, you have good faces; if you see this in the map of my microcosm, follows it that I am known well enough too? what harm can your besom conspectuities glean out of this character, if I be known well enough too?

Bru. Come, Sir, come, we know you well enough.

Men. You know neither me, yourselves, nor any thing; you are ambitious for poor Knaves caps and legs: you wear out a good wholesome forenoon, in hearing a cause between an Orange-wife and a fossfet-feller, and then adjourn a controversy of three-pence to a second day of audience. ——— When you are hearing a matter between a party and party, if you chance to be pinch'd with the cholick, you make faces like numbers, set up the bloody flag against all patience ——— and in roaring for a chamber-pot, dismiss the controversy bleeding, the more intangled by your



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hearing: all the peace you make in their cause, is calling both the parties knaves. You are a pair of strange ones.

Bru. Come, come, you are well understood to be a perfect glyber for the table, than a necessary bench-er in the Capitol.

Men. Our very priests must become mockers, if they shall encounter such ridiculous subjects as you are; when you speak best unto the purpose, it is not worth the wagging of your beards, and your beards deserve not so honourable a grave, as to stuff a botchers cushion, or to be intomb'd in an ass's pack-saddle. Yet you must be saying, *Martius* is proud; who in a cheap estimation, is worth all your predecessors since *Deucalion*, tho' peradventure some of the best of them are hereditary hangmen. Good-e'en to your worship: more of your conversation would infect my brain, being the herdsmen of the beastly Plebeians. I will be bold to take my leave of you.

[*Exe. Brutus and Sicinius.*]

S C E N E II.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia and Valeria.

How now (my as fair as noble) ladies, and the moon, were she earthly, no nobler; whither do you follow your eyes so fast?

Vol. Honourable *Menenius*, my boy *Martius* approaches; for the love of *Juno* let's go?

Men. Ha! *Martius* coming home?

Vol. Ay, worthy *Menenius*, and with most prosperous approbation.

Men. Take my cap, *Jupiter*, and I thank thee — hoo, *Martius* coming home!

Botb. Nay, 'tis true.

Vol. Look here a Letter from him, the State hath another, his wife another, and I think there's one at home for you.

Men. I will make my very house reel to-night; A letter for me!

Vir. Yes, certain, there's a letter for you, I saw't.

Men. A letter for me! it gives me an estate of seven years health; in which time I will make a lip at the physician: the most sovereign prescription in *Galen* is
but

but emperic, and to this preservative of no better report than a horse-drench. Is he not wounded? he was wont to come home wounded.

Vir. Oh no, no, no.

Vol. Oh, he is wounded, I thank the Gods for't.

Men. So do I too, if he be not too much; brings he a Victory in his pocket? the wounds become him.

Vol. On's brows, *Menenius*, he comes the third time home with the open garland.

Men. Hath he disciplin'd *Aufidius* soundly?

Vol. *Titus Lartius* writes, they fought together, but *Aufidius* got off.

Men. And 'twas time for him too, I'll warrant him that; if he had staid by him, I would not have been so *fidius'd* for all the chetts in *Corioli*, and the gold that's in them. Is the Senate posselt of this?

Vol. Good ladies, let's go. Yes, yes, yes: the Senate has letters from the General, wherein he gives my Son the whole name of the war: he hath in this action out done his former deeds doubly.

Val. In troth, there's wondrous things spoke of him.

Men. Wondrous! ay, I warrant you, and not without his true purchasing.

Vir. The God's grant them true.

Vol. True? pow waw.

Men. True? I'll be sworn they are true. Where is he wounded, God save your good worships? *Martius* is coming home; he has more cause to be proud: where he is wounded?

Vol. I'th' shoulder, and i'th' left arm; and there will be large cicatrices to shew the people, when he shall stand for his place. He receiv'd in the repulse of *Tarquin* seven hurts i'th' body.

Men. One i'th' neck, and two i'th' thigh; there's nine that I know.

Vol. He had, before his last expedition, twenty five wounds upon him.

Men. Now 'tis twenty seven; every gash was an enemy's grave. Hark, the trumpets. [*Shout and flourish.*]

Vol. These are the ushers of *Martius*; before him he carries noise, and behind him he leaves tears:

Death, that dark spirit, in's nery arm doth lye,

Which being advanc'd, declines, and then men die.

S C E N E III.

Trumpets sound. Enter Cominius the General, and Titus Lartius ; between them Coriolanus, crown'd with an oaken Garland, with Captains, Soldiers, a herald.

Her. Know, *Rome*, that all alone *Martius* did fight
Within *Corioli* gates, where he hath won,
With fame, a name to *Caius Martius*.
Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.

[*Sound. Flourish.*]

All. Welcome to *Rome*, renowned *Coriolanus*.

Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart ;
Pray now, no more.

Cor. Look, Sir, your mother.

Cor. Oh !

You have, I know, petition'd the Gods
For my prosperity.

[*Kneels.*]

Vol. Nay, my soldier up :

My gentle *Martius*, worthy *Caius*,
By deed-atchieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it, *Coriolanus*, must I call thee ?
But oh, thy wife ———

Cor. My gracious silence, hail :
Would't thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep't to see me triumph ? ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in *Corioli* wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Men. Now the Goods crown thee.

Com. And live you yet ? O my sweet lady, pardon.

Vol. I know not where to turn. O welcome home.
And welcome General, y'are welcome all.

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes : I could weep,
And I could laugh, I'm light and heavy : welcome,
A curse begin at very root one's heart
That is not glad to see thee. You are three
That *Rome* should dote on : yet by the faith of men,
We've some old crab-trees here at home, that will not

Be

Be grafted to your relish. Welcome warriors ;
We call a nettle, but a nettle, and
The faults of fools, but folly.

Com. Ever right.

Cor. *Mencius*, ever, ever.

Her. Give way there, and go on.

Cor. Your hand, and yours.

Ere in our own house I do shade my head
The good patricians must be visited,
From whom I have receiv'd not only greetings,
But with them, change of honours.

Vol. I have lived

To see inherited my very wishes,
And buildings of my fancy ; only one thing
Is wanting, which I doubt not but our *Rome*
Will cast upon thee.

Cor. Know, good mother, I
Had rather be their servant in my way,
Than sway with them in theirs.

Com. On, to the Capitol. *[Flourish. Cornets.*
[Exeunt in state, as before.

SCENE IV.

Enter Brutus and Sicinius.

Bru. All tongues speak of him, and the bleared sights
• Are spectacled to see him. Your prattling nurse
• Into a rapture let's her baby cry,
• While she chats him : the kitchen maukin pins
• Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
• Clambring the walls to eye him ; stalls, bulks, windows,
• Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
• With variable complexions ; all agreeing
• In earnestness to see him : feld-shown *Flamins*
• Do press among the popular throngs, and puff
• To win a vulgar station ; our veil'd dames
• Commit the war of white and dainask in
• Their nicely gawded checks, to th' wanton spoil
• Of *Phoebus'* burning kisses ; such a pother,
• As if that whatsoever God who leads him,
• Were slyly crept into his human power,
• And gave him graceful posture.

Sic. On the sudden,
I warrant him, Consul.

Bru. Then our office may,
During his power, go sleep.

Sic. He cannot temp'rately transport his honours,
From where he should begin and end, but will
Lose those he'ath won.

Bru. In that there's comfort.

Sic. Doubt not,
The commoners, for whom we stand, but they
Upon their ancient malice, will forget
(With the least cause) these his new honours; which
That he will give, make I as little question
As he is proud to do't.

Bru. I heard him swear,
Where he to stand for Consul, never would he
Appear i'th' market-place, nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility,
Nor shewing, as the manner is, his wounds
To th' people, beg their stinking breaths.

Sic. 'Tis right.

Bru. It was his word: oh, he would miss it, rather
Than carry it, but by the suit o'th' gentry,
And the desire o'th' nobles.

Sic. I wish no better,
Than have him hold that purpose, and to put it
In execution.

Bru. 'Tis most like he will.

Sic. It shall be to him then, as our good wills;
A sure destruction.

Bru. So it must fall out
To him, or our authorities. For an end,
We must suggest the people, in what hatred
He still hath he'd them; that to's power he would
Have made them mules, silenc'd their pleaders, and
Disproperty'd their freedoms: holding them,
In human action and capacity,
Of no more soul nor fitness for the world,
'Than camels in their war, who have their provender
Only for bearing burthens, and sore blows
For sinking under them.

Sic. This, as you say, suggested

At some time, when his soaring ins'ence
 Shall reach the people, (which time shall not want,
 If he be put upon't, and that's as easie
 As to set dogs on sheep) will be the fire
 To kindle their day stubble; and their blaze
 Shall darken him for ever.

Enter a messenger.

Bru. What's the matter?

Mes. You're sent for to the Capitol: 'tis thought
 That *Martius* shall be Consul: I have seen
 The dumb men throng to see him, and the blind
 To hear him speak; the matrons flung their gloves,
 Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
 Upon him as he pass'd; the nobles bended,
 As to *Jove's* statue, and the commons made
 A shower and thunder with their caps and shouts:
 I never saw the like.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol,
 And carry with us ears and eyes for th' time,
 But hearts for the event.

Sic. Have with you.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter two Officers, to lay cushions.

1 Off. Come, come, they are almost here; how many
 stand for consulships?

2 Off. Three they say; but 'tis thought of every one,
Coriolanus will carry it.

1 Off. That's a brave fellow, but he's vengeance proud,
 and loves not the common people.

2 Off. Faith, there have been many great men that
 have flatter'd the people, who ne'er lov'd them, and
 there be many that they have loved, they know not
 wherefore; so that if they love they know not why,
 they hate upon no better a ground. Therefore, for
Coriolanus neither to care whether they love, or hate
 him, manifests the true knowledge he has in their dis-
 position, and out of his noble carelessness lets them
 plainly see't.

1 Off. If he did not care whether he had their love
 or no, he wou'd indifferently 'twixt doing them nei-

ther good nor harm : but he seeks their hate with greater devotion than they can render it him ; and leaves nothing undone, that may fully discover him their opposite. Now to seem to affect the malice and displeasure of the people, is as bad as that which he dislikes, to flatter them for their love.

2. *Off.* He hath deserved worthily of his country : and his ascent is not by such easie degrees as those who have been supple and courteous to the people, bonnetted without any further deed to have them at all into their estimation and report : but he hath so planted his honours in their eyes, and his actions in their hearts, that for their tongues to be silent, and not confesse so much, were a kind of ingrateful injury ; to report otherwise, were a malice that giving it self the lie, would pluck reproof and rebuke from ev'ry ear that heard it.

1 *Off.* No more of him, he is a worthy man : make way, they are coming.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the Patricians, and the Tribunes of the people. Lictors before them ; Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius the Consul : Sicinius and Brutus take their places by themselves.

Mex. Having determin'd of the *Volsians*, and
To send for *Titus Lartius* ; it remains,
As the main point of this our after-meeting,
To gratifie his noble service, that
Hath thus stood for his country. Therefore, please you,
Most reverend and grave elders, to desire
The present Consul, and last General,
In our well-found successes, to report
A little of that worthy work perform'd
By *Caius Martius Cominius* ; whom
We met here, both to thank, and to remember
With honours like himself.

1 *Sne.* Speak, good *Cominius* :
Leave nothing out for length, and make us think
Rather our state's defective for requital,
Than we stretch it out. Masters o'th' people,

We

We do request your kindest ear, and after,
Your loving motion toward the common body,
To yield what passeth here.

Sic. We are convented
Upon a pleasing treaty, and have hearts
Inclinable to honour and advance
The theam of our assembly.

Bru. Which the rather
We shall be blest to do, if he remember
A kinder value of the people, than
He had hitherto priz'd them at.

Men. That's off, that's off:
I would you rather had been silent: please you
To hear *Cominius* speak?

Bru. Most willingly:
But yet my caution was more pertinent
Than the rebuke you give.

Men. He loves your people,
But tye him not to be their bed-fellow:
Worthy *Cominius* speak.

[*Coriolanus rises and offers to go away.*]

Nay, keep your place.

Sen. Sit, *Coriolanus*, never shame to hear
What you have nobly done.

Cor. Your honour's pardon:
I had rather have my wounds to heal again,
Than hear say I got them

Bru. Sir, I hope
My words dis-bench'd you not?

Cor. No, Sir; yet oft,
When blows have made me stay, I fled from words:
You sooth not, therefore hurt not: but your people,
I love them as they weigh——

Men. Pray now, sit down.

Cor. I had rather have one scratch my head i'th' sun,
When the alarum were struck, than idly sit
To hear my nothings monster'd. [Exit *Coriolanus*]

Men. Masters of the people,
Your multiplying spawn how can he flatter,
That's thousand to one good one? when you see
He had rather venture all his limbs for honour,

Than

Than one of's ears to hear't. Proceed, *Cominius*.

Oom. I shall lack voice : the deeds of *Coriolanus*
Should not be utter'd feebly. It is held
That valour is the chiefest virtue, and
Most dignifies the haver : if it be
The man I speak of cannot in the world
Be singly counter-pois'd. At sixteen years,
When *Tarquin* made a head for *Rome*, he fought
Beyond the mark of others : our then Dictator,
Whom with all praise I point at, saw him fight,
When with his *Amazonian* chin he drove
'The bristled lips before him : he bestrid
An o'er-prest *Roman*, and i'th' Consul's view
Slew three opposers : *Tarquin's* self he met,
And struck him on his knee : in that day's feats,
When he might act the woman in the scene,
He prov'd best man i'th' field, and for his meed
Was-brow-bound with the oak. His pupil-age
Man-entred thus, he waxed like a sea,
And in the brunt of seventeen battels since
He lurcht all swords o'th garland. For this last,
Before, and in *Corioli*, let me say
I cannot speak him home : he stopt the fliers,
And by his rare example made the coward
Turn terror into sport. As waves before
A vessel under sail, so men obey'd,
And fell below his stern : his sword (death's stamp)
Where it did mark, it took from face to foot :
He was a thing of blood, whose every motion
Was trim'd with dying cries : alone he enter'd
'The mortal gate o'th' city, which he painted
With thanless destiny : aidless came off,
And with a sudden re-enforcement struck
Corioli, like a planet. Nor all's this ;
For by and by the din of war 'gan pierce
His ready sense, when streight his doubled spirit
Requicken'd what in flesh was fatigate,
And to the battel came he ; where he did
Run reeking o'er the lives of men, as if
'Twere a perpetual spoil ; and 'till we call'd
Both field and city ours, he never stood

To ease his breast with panting.

Men. Worthy man!

1 Sen. He cannot but with measure fit the honours
Which we devise him.

Com. Our spoils he kick'd at,
And look'd upon things precious, as they were
The common muck o'th' world: he covets less
Than misery itself would give, rewards
His deeds with doing them, and is content
To spend his time to end it.

Men. He's right noble,
Let him be called for.

Sen. Call *Coriolanus*.

Off. He doth appear.

Enter Coriolanus.

Men. The Senate, *Coriolanus*, are well pleas'd
To make thee Consul.

Cor. I do owe them still
My life, and services.

Men. It then remains
That you do speak to th' people.

Cor. I beseech you,
Let them o'er-leap that custom; for I cannot
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them.
For my wounds sake, to give their suffrages:
Please you that I may pass this doing.

Sic. Sir, the people must have their voices,
Nor will they bate one jot of ceremony.

Men. Put them not to't; pray fit you to the custom,
And take t'ye, as your predecessors have,
Your honour with your form.

Cor. It is a part
That I shall blush in acting, and might well
Be taken from the people.

Bru. Mark you that?

Cor. To brag unto them, thus I did, and thus,
Shew them th' unaking scar, which I would hide,
As if I had receiv'd them for the hire
Of their breath only.

Men. Do not stand upon't:
We recommend t'ye, Tribunes of the people,

Our

Our purpose to them, and to our noble Consul
Wish we all joy and honour.

Sic. To *Coriolanus* come all joy and honour!

[*Flourish Cornets.* Then *Exe.*

Manet Sicinius and Brutus.

Bru. You see how he intends to use the people.

Sic. May they perceive's intent: He will require
them,

As if he did contemn what he requested
Should be in them to give.

Bru. Come, we'll inform them
Of our proceedings here on th' market place,
I know they do attend us.

[*Exe.*

S C E N E VII.

Enter seven or eight Citizens.

1 *Cit.* Oons! if he do require our voices, we ought
not to deny him.

2 *Cit.* We may, Sir, if we will.

3 *Cit.* We have power in our selves to do it, but
it is a power that we have no power to do; for if he
shows us his wounds, and tell us his deeds, we are to
put our tongues into those wounds, and speak for
them: So, if he tells us his noble deeds, we must also
tell him of our noble acceptance of them. Ingratitude
is monstrous, and for the multitude to be ingratelul, were
to make a monster of the multitude; of the which, we
being members, should bring our selves to be monstrous
members.

1 *Cit.* And to make us no better thought of, a lit-
tle help will serve: For once when he stood up about
the corn, he himself stuck not to call us the many-head-
ed multitude.

3 *Cit.* We have been call'd so of many, not that
our heads are some brown, some black, some auburn,
some bald; but that our wits are so diversly colour'd;
and truly, I think, if all our wits were to issue out of
one scull, they would fly East, West, North, South, and
their consent of one direct way, would be at once to all
points o'th' compass.

2 *Cit.*

2 *Cit.* Think you so? which way do you judge my wit would fly?

3 *Cit.* Nay, your wit will so soon out as another man's will, 'tis strongly wedg'd up in a blockhead: But if it were at liberty, 'twould sure southward.

2 *Cit.* Why that way?

3 *Cit.* To lose it self in a fog, where being three parts melted away with rotten dews, the fourth would return for conscience sake, to help to get thee a wife.

2 *Cit.* You are never without your tricks——you may, you may——

3 *Cit.* Are you all resolv'd to give your voices? but that's no matter, the greater part carries it, I say, If he would incline to the people, there was never a worthier man.

Enter Coriolanus in a gown, with Menenius.

Here he comes, and in the gown of humility, mark his behaviour: We are not to stay all together, but to come by him where he stands, by one's, by two's and by three's. He's to make his requests by particulars, where every one of us has a single honour, in giving him our own voices with our own tongues: therefore follow me, and I'll direct you how you shall go by him.

All. Content, content.

Men. Oh Sir, you are not right; have you not known

The worthiest men have done't?

Cor. What must I say,

I pray, Sir? plague upon't, I cannot bring My tongue to such a pace. Look, Sir,——my wounds—— I got them in my country's service, when Some certain of your brethren roar'd, and ran From noise of our own drums.

Men. Oh me the Gods!

You must not speak of that, you must desire them To think upon you.

Cor. Think upon me? hang 'em.

I would they would forget me, like the virtues Which our divines lose by 'em.

Men.

Men. You'll mar all.

I'll leave you: pray you to speak to 'em, I pray you,
In wholesome manner. [Exit.]

Citizens approach.

Cor. Bid them wash their faces,
And keep their teeth clean—so, here comes a brace:
You know the cause, Sirs, of my standing here.

1 *Cit.* We do, Sir, tell us what hath brought you to't.

Cor. Mine own desert.

2 *Cit.* Your own desert?

Cor. Ay, not mine own desire.

1 *Cit.* How, not your own desire.

Cor. No, Sir, 'twas never my desire yet to trouble
the poor with begging.

1 *Cit.* You must think, if we give you any thing,
we hope to gain by you.

Cor. Well then, I pray your price o'th' Consulship?

1 *Cit.* The price is, to ask it kindly.

Cor. Kindly, Sir, I pray let me ha't: I have wounds
to shew you, which shall be yours in private: Your
good voice, Sir; what say you?

2 *Cit.* You shall ha't, worthy Sir.

Cor. A match, Sir; there's in all two worthy voices
begg'd. I have your alms, adieu.

1 *Cit.* But this is something odd.

2 *Cit.* An 'twere to give again:— But 'tis no
matter. [Exit.]

Two other Citizens.

Cor. Pray you now, if it may stand with the tune
of your voices, that I may be Consul, I have here the
customary gown.

1 *Cit.* You have deserved nobly of your country, and
you have not deserved nobly.

Cor. Your ænigma.

1 *Cit.* You have been a scourge to her enemies; you
have been a rod to her friends; you have not indeed loved
the common people.

Cor. You should account me the more virtuous,
that I have not been common in my love; I will, Sir,
flatter my sworn brother, the people, to earn a dearer
estimation

estimation of them, 'tis a condition they account gentle: And since the wisdom of their choice, is rather to have my cap than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitly: That is, Sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers: Therefore, beseech you I may be Consul.

2 *Cit.* We hope to find you our friend; and therefore give you our voices heartily.

1 *Cit.* You have received many wounds for your country.

Cor. I will not seal your knowledge with shewing them. I will make much of your voices, and so trouble you no further.

Both. The Gods give you joy, Sir, heartily. [*Exe.*]

Cor. Most sweet voices——

Better it is to die, better to starve,
Than crave the hire, which first we do deserve. *

Three Citizens more.

Here come more voices.

Your voices—for your voices I have fought,
Watch'd for your voices; for your voices, bear
Of wounds two dozen and odd: Battels thrice six,
I've seen, and heard of: For your voices, have
Done many things, some less, some more:—— your
voices:

Indeed I would be Consul.

1 *Cit.* He has done nobly, and cannot go without
any honest man's voice.

2 *Cit.*

*—— we do deserve.

Why in this woolvish gown should I stand here,
To beg of *Hob* and *Dick*, that do appear,
Their needless voucher? custom calls me to't——
What custom wills in all things, should we do't?
The dust on antique time would lye unswept,
And mountainous error be too highly heapt,
For truth to o'er-peer. Rather than fool it so,
Let the high office and honour go,
To one that would do thus. I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other will I do.

2 *Cit.* Therefore let him be Consul: The Gods give him joy, and make him a good friend to the people.

All. Amen, amen. God save thee, noble Consul.

[*Exeunt.*]

Cor. Worthy voices!

Enter Menenius, with Brutus and Sicinius.

Men. You've flood your limitation: and the Tribunes Endue you with the peoples voice. Remains, That in th' official marks invested, you Anon do meet the Senate.

Cor. Is this done?

Sic. The custom of request you have discharg'd: The people do admit you, and are summon'd To meet anon upon your approbation.

Cor. Where? at the senate-house?

Sic. There, *Coriolanus.*

Cor. May I change these garments?

Sic. You may, Sir.

Cor. That I'll straight do: And knowing my self again, Repair to th' senate-house.

Men. I'll keep you company. Will you along?

Bru. We stay here for the people.

Sic. Fare you well- [*Exe. Coriol. and Men.*]

SCENE VIII.

He has it now, and by his looks, methinks 'Tis warm at's heart.

Bru. With a proud heart he wore His humble weeds: Will you dismiss the people?

Enter Plebeians.

Sic. How now, my masters, have you chose this man?

1 *Cit.* He has our voices, Sir,

Bru. We pray the Gods he may deserve your loves.

2 *Cit.* Amen, Sir: To my poor unworthy notice, He mock'd us, when he begg'd our voices.

3 *Cit.* Certainly he flouted us down-right.

1 *Cit.* No, 'tis his kind of speech, he did not mock us.

2. *Cit.* Not one amongst us, save your self, but says He us'd us scornfully: He should have shew'd us His marks of merit, wounds receiv'd for's country.

Sic.

Sic. Why so he did, I am sure.

All. No, no man saw 'em.

3 *Cit.* He said he'd wounds, which he could shew in private :

And with his cap, thus waving it in scorn,
I would be Consul, says he : aged custom,
But by your voices, will not so permit me ;
Your voices therefore : When we granted that,
Here was —— I thank you for your voices —— thank
you ——

Your most sweet voices —— now you have left your
voices,

I have nothing further with you. Wa'n't this mockery ?

Sic. Why either were you ignorant to see't ?
Or seeing it, of such childish friendliness,
To yield your voice ?

Bru. Could you not have told him,
As you were lesson'd ; when he had no power,
But was a petty servant to the state,
He was your enemy, still spake against
Your liberties and charters that you bear
I'th' body of the weal : And now arriving
At place of potency, and sway o'th' state
If he should still malignantly remain
Fast foe to th' plebeans, your voices might
Be curses to your selves ? You should have said
That as his worthy deeds did claim no less
Than what he stood for ; so his gracious nature
Would think upon you for your voices, and
Translate his malice tow'rds you, into love,
Standing your friendly lord.

Sic. Thus to have said,

As you were fore-advis'd, had touch'd his spirit
And try'd his inclination ; from his pluckt
Either his gracious promise, which you might
As cause had call'd you up, have held him to
Or else it would have gall'd his surly nature
Which easily endures not article,
Tying him to ought ; so putting him to rage
You should have ta'en th' advantage of his choler,
And pass him unelected.

Bru.

Sic.

Bru. Did you perceive,
 He did solicit you in free contempt,
 When he did need your loves? and do you think
 That his contempt shall not be bruising to you,
 When he hath power to crush? why had your bodies
 No heart among you? or had you tongues, to cry
 Against the rectorship of judgment?

Sic. Have you,
 Ere now, deny'd the asker? and now again
 Of him that did not ask, but mock, bestow
 Your su'd-for tongues?

3 *Cit.* He's not confirm'd, we may deny him yet.

2 *Cit.* And will deny him;

I'll have five hundred voices of that sound.

1 *Cit.* Ay, twice five hundred, and their friends to
 piece 'em.

Bru. Get you hence instantly, and tell those friends,
 They've chose a Consul that will from them take
 Their liberties, make them of no more voice
 Than dogs that are as often beat for barking,
 As therefore kept to do so.

Sic. Let them assemble; and on safer judgment,
 Revoke your ignorant election:
 Enforce his pride, and his old hate to you:
 Besides, forget not,
 With what contempt he wore the humble weed,
 How in his suit he scorn'd you: But your loves
 Thinking upon his services, took from you
 The apprehension of his present portance,
 Which gibingly, ungravely, he did fashion
 After th' inveterate hate he bears to you.

Bru. Nay, lay a fault on us, your Tribunes, that
 We labour'd (no impediment between)
 But that you must cast your election on him.

Sic. Say, you chose him, more after our command-
 ment,
 Than guided by your own affections,
 And that your minds, pre-occupied with what
 You rather must do, than what you should do,
 Made you against the grain to voice him Consul.
 Lay the fault on us.

Bru. Ay, spare us not: Say, we read lectures to you,
 How

How youngly he began to serve his country,
 How long continued, and what stock he springs of,
 The noble house of *Martius*; from whence came
 That *Ancus Mertus*, *Numa's* daughter's son,
 Who after great *Hofilius*, here was King:
 Of the same house *Publius* and *Quintus* were,
 That our best water brought by conduits hither.
 And *Censorinus*, darling of the people
 (And nobly nam'd so for twice being censor)
 Was his great ancestor.

Sic. One thus descended,
 That hath beside well in his person wrought,
 To be set him in place, we did commend
 To your remembrances; but you have found,
 Scaling his present bearing with his past,
 That he's your fixed enemy, and revoke
 Your sudden approbation.

Bru. Say, you ne'er had don't,
 (Harp on that still) but by our putting on;
 And presently, when you have drawn your number,
 Repair to th' Capitol.

All. We will so; almost all rebeut in their election.
 [Exeunt Plebeians,

Bru. Let them go on:
 This mutiny were better put in hazard,
 Than stay past doubt for greater:
 If, as his nature is, he fall in rage
 With their refusal, both observe and answer
 The vantage of his anger.

Sic. Come; to th' Capitol,
 We will be there before the stream o'th' people:
 And this shall seem, as partly 'tis, their own,
 Which we have goaded onward.

[Exe.



ACT III. SCENE I.

Cornets. Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, Cominius, Titus
 Lartius, and other Senators.

Cor. **T**Ullus Aufidius then had made new head?

Lart. He had, my lord, and that it was which
 caus'd

caus'd.

Our swifter composition.

Cor. So then the *Volscians* stand but as at first,
Ready when time shall prompt them, to make in-
road

Upon's again.

Com. They're worn, lord Consul, so,
That we shall hardly in our ages see
Their banners wave again.

Cor. Saw you *Aufidius*?

Lart. On safe-guard he came to me, and did curse
Against the *Volscians*, for they had so vilely
Yielded the town; he is retir'd to *Antium*.

Car. Spoke he of me?

Lart. He did, my lord.

Lor. How?—— what?——

Cart. How often he had met you 'sword to sword;
That of all things upon the earth he hated
Your person most: that he would pawn his fortunes
To hopeless restitution, so he might
Be call'd your vanquisher.

Cor. At *Antium* lives he?

Lart. At *Antium*.

Cor. I wish I had a cause to seek him there,
To oppose his hatred fully. Welcome home.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Behold, these are the Tribunes of the people,
The tongues o'th' common mouth: I do despise them,
For they do prank them in authority
Against all noble sufferance.

Sic. Pass no further.

Cor. Hath!—— what is that!——

Bru. It will be dangerous to go on—— no further.

Cor. What makes this change?

Men. The matter?

Com. Hath he not pass'd the nobles and the commons?

Bru. *Cominius*, no.

Cor. Have I had children's voices?

Sen. Tribunes, give way; he shall to th' market place.

Bru. The people are incens'd against him.

Sic. Stop,

Or all will fall in broil,

Cor. Are these your herd?

Must these have voices, that can yield them now,
And streight disclaim their tongues? what are your
• offices?

You being their mouths, why rule you not their teeth?

Have you not set them on?

Men. Be calm, be calm.

Cor. It is a purpos'd thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility:

Suffer't, and live with such as cannot rule,

Nor ever will be rul'd.

Bru. Call't not a plot:

The people cry you mock'd them; and of late,
When corn was given them, *gratis*, you repin'd,
Scandal'd the Suppliants for the people, call'd them
Time-pleasers, flatterers, foes to nobleness.

Cor. Why this was known before.

Bru. Not to them all.

Cor. Have you inform'd them since?

Bru. How! I inform'd them!

Com. You are like to do such business.

Bru. Not unlike each way, to better yours.

Cor. Why then should I be Consul? by yond clouds,
Let me deserve so ill as you, and make me
Your Fellow-Tribune.

Sic. You shew too much of that,

For which the people stir; if you will pass
To where you're bound, you must enquire your way,

Which you are out of, with a gentler spirit,

Or ne'er to be so noble as a Consul,

Nor yoke with him for Tribune.

Men. Let's be calm.

Com. The people are abus'd, set on; this paltring
Becomes not *Rome*: nor has *Coriolanus*
Deserv'd this so dishonour'd rub, laid falsely
I'th' plain way of his merit.

Cor. Tell me of corn!

This was my speech, and I will speak't again —

Men. Not now, not now.

Sen. Not in this heat, Sir, now.

Cor. Now as I live, I will —

As for my nobler friend, I crave their pardons :
 But for the mutable rank-scented many,
 Let them regard me, as I do not flatter,
 And there behold themselves : I say again,
 In soothing them, we nourish against our Senate
 The cockle of rebellion, insolence, sedition,
 Which we ourselves have plowed for, sow'd and scatter'd.
 By mingling them with us, the honour'd number.
 Who lack not virtue, no, nor power but that
 Which we have given to beggars.

Men. Well, no more——

Sen. No more words, we beseech you ——

Cor. How ! —— no more! ——

As for my Country I have shed my blood,
 Not fearing outward force ; so shall my lungs
 Coin words 'till their decay ; against those measlers
 Which we disdain should tetter us, yet seek
 The very way to catch them

Bru. You speak o'th' people, as you were a God
 To punish, not a man of their infirmity.

Sic. 'Twere well we let the people know't.

Men. What, what ! his cholor ?

Cor. Choler ! were I as patient as the midnight sleep,
 By *Jove*, 'twould be thy mind.

Sic. It is a mind

That shall remain a poison where it is,
 Not poison any further.

Cor. Shall remain ?

Hear you this *Triton* of the minnows ? mark you
 His absolute *shall* ?

Com. 'Twas from the cannon.

Cor. *Shall* ! ——

O good, but most unwise patricians ; why
 You grave, but wreakless Senators, have you thus
 Given *Hydra* here to chuse an officer,
 That with his peremptory *shall*, being but
 The horn and noise o'th' monsters want no spirit
 To say he'll turn your current a ditch,
 And make your channel his ? If he have power,
 Then vail your ignorance ; if none, awake
 Your dangerous lenity ; if you are learned,
 Be not as common fools ; if you are not,

Let

Let them have cushions by you. Your Plebeians,
 If they be Senators, and they are no less,
 When, both your voices blended, the great'st taste
 Most pallates theirs. They chuse their magistrate,
 And such a one as he, who puts his *ball*,
 His popular *ball*, against a heavier bench
 Than ever frown'd in *Greece*. By *Jove* himself,
 It makes the Consuls base; and my soul akes
 To know, when two authorites are up,
 Neither supream, how soon confusion
 May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
 The one by th'other.

Com. Well ——— on to th' market-place.

Cor. Who ever gave that consul, to give forth
 The corn o'th the storehouse, *gratis*, as 'twas us'd
 Sometime in *Greece* ———

Men. Well, well, no more of that.

Cor. Though there the people had more absolute power
 I say, they nourish'd disobedience, fed
 The ruin of the state.

Bru. Why shall the people give,
 One that speaks thus their voice?

Cor. I'll give my Reasons,
 More worthy than their voice? They know the corn
 Was not our recompence, resting assur'd
 They ne'er did service for't, being prest to th'war,
 Even when the naval of the state was touch'd,
 They would not thread the gates: this kind of service
 Did not deserve corn, *gratis*. Being i'th' war,
 Their mutinies and revolts, wherein they shew'd
 Most valour, spoke not for them. Th' Accusation
 Which they have often made against the Senate,
 All cause unborn, could never be the native
 Of our so frank donation. Well, what then?
 How shall this bosom-multiplied digest
 The Senators Courtesie! let deeds express
 What's like to be their words — we did request it —
 We are the greater poll, and in true fear
 They gave us our demands. — Thus we debase
 The nature of our seats, and make the rabble
 Callour Cares, fears; which will in time brake ope
 The Locks o'th' Senate, and bring in the crows
 To peck the eagles —

Men. Come, enough,

C

The

Bru. Enough, with our measure.

Cor. No, take no more.

What may be sworn by, both divine and human,
Seal what I end withal! This double worship,
Where one part does disdain with cause, the other
Insult without all reason; where gentry, title, wisdom,
Cannot conclude but by the yea and no
Of gen'ral ignorance, it must omit
Real necessities, and give way the while
T'unstable slightness; purpose so barr'd, it follows,
Nothing is done to purpose. Therefore, beseech you,
(You that will be less fearful than discreet,
'That love the fundamental part of state
More than you doubt the change oft; that prefer
A noble Life before a long, and wish
To vamp a body with a dangerous physick,
'That's sure of death without,) at once pluck out
The multitudinous Tongue, let them not lick
The sweet which is their poison. Your dishonour
Mangles true judgment, and bereaves the state
Of that integrity which should become it:
Not having power to do the good it would
For th' ill which doth controul it.

Bru. H'as said enough.

Sic. H'as spoken like a traitor, and shall answer
As traitors do.

Cor. Thou wretch! despight o'erwhelm thee!
What should the people do with these bald Tribunes?
On whom depending, their obedience fails
To th' greater bench. In a rebellion,
When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
'Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
Let what is meet, be said, it must be meet,
And throw their power i'th' dust.

Bru. Manifest Treason _____

Sic. This a consul? no.

Bru. The *Ædiles*, ho; let him be apprehended.

Sic. Go call the people, in whose name my self
Attach thee as a traitorous innovator:
A foe to th' publick weal. Obey, I charge thee,
And follow to thine answer. [*Laying hold on Coriolanus.*]

Cor. Hence, old goat.

All. We'll sure to him.

Com. Ag'd Sir, hands off.

Cor.

Cor. Hence, rotten thing, I shall shake thy bones
Out of thy garments.

Sic. Help me, citizens.

Enter a Rabble of Plebeians with the Ædiles.

Men On both sides more respect.

Sic. Here's he that would take from you all your power.

Bru. Seize him, Ædiles,

All. Down with him, down with him!

2 Sen. Weapons, weapons, weapons!

[They all bustle about Coriolanus.]

Tribunes, patricians, citizens — what hoe —

Sicinius, Brutus, Coriolanus, citizens!

All. Peace, peace, peace, stay, hold, peace!

Men. What is about to be? — I am out of breath;
Confusion's near. I cannot speak. — You, Tribunes,
Coriolanus; patience; speak, *Sicinius*.

Sic. Hear me, people — peace.

All. Let's hear our Tribune; peace; speak, speak,
speak.

Sic. You are at point to lose your liberties;

Martius would have all from you: *Martius*,

Whom hate you nam'd for Consul.

Men. Fie, fie, fie,

This is the way to kindle, not to quench.

Sen. To unbuild the city, and to lay all flat.

Sic. What is the city, but the people?

All. True, the people are the city.

Bru. By the consent of all, we were establish'd
The people magistrates.

All. You so remain.

Men. And so are like to do.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;

To bring the roof to the foundation,

And bury all which distinctly ranges

In heaps and piles of ruin.

Sic. This deserves death.

Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,

Or let us do it? we do here pronounce,

Upon the part o'th' people, in whose power

We were elected theirs, *Martius* is worthy

Of present death.

Sic. Therefore lay hold on him;

Bear him to the rock *Tarpeian*, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.

Bru. *Ædiles* seize him.

All Ple. Yield, *Martius*, yield.

Men. Hear me one word, beseech your Tribunes,
hear me but a word——

Ædiles. Peace, peace.

Men. Be that you seem, truly your country friends;
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.

Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poysonous,
Where the disease is violent. Lay hands on him,
And bear him to the rock. [*Cor. draws his sword,*

Cor. No; I'll dye here;

There's some among you have beheld me fighting,
Come try upon your selves, what you have seen me.

Men. Down with that sword, Tribunes withdraw a while

Bru. Lay hands upon him.

Men. Help *Martius*, help --- you that be noble, help
him young and old.

All. Down with him, down with him. [*Exeunt.*

[*In this mutiny, the Tribunes, the AEdiles, and the
people are beat in.*

Men. Go, get you to your house; be gone, away,
All will be naught else.

2 *Sen.* Get you gone.

Com. Stand fast, we have as many friends or enemies.

Men. Shall it be put to that?

Sen. The Gods forbid:

I pr'ythee, noble Friend, home to thy house,
Leave us to cure this cause.

Men. For 'tis a fore

You cannot tent your self; be gone, 'beseech you.

Com. Come, Sir, along with us.

Men. I would they were *Barbarians*, as they are,
Though in *Rome* litter'd; not *Romans*, as they are not,
Though calved in the porch o'th' *Capitol*:

Begone, put not your worthy rage into your tongue,
One time will owe another.

Cor. On fair ground I could beat forty of them.

Men. I could my self take up a brace o'th' the best of
them, yea, the two Tribunes. *Com.*

Com. But now 'tis odds beyond arithmetick,
And manhood is call'd fool'ry when it stands
Against a falling fabrick. Will you hence,
Before the tag return, whose rage doth rend
Like interrupted waters, and o'erbear
What they are us'd to bear.

Men. Pray you be gone:
I'll try if my old wit be in request
With those that have but little; this must be patcht
With cloth of any colour.

Com. Come away. [*Exeunt Coriolanus and Cominius.*]

1 Sen. This man has marr'd his fortune.

Men. His nature is too noble for the world:
He would not flatter *Neptune* for his trident,
Or *Jove* for's power to thunder: his heart's his mouth:
That his breast forges, thas his tongue must vent;
And being angry does forget that ever
He heard the name of death. [*A noise within.*]
Here's goodly work.

2 Sen. I would they were a-bed.

Men. I would they were in *Tyber*. What the vengeance,
Could he not speak 'em fair?

Enter Brutus and Sicinius, with the rabble again.

Sic. Where is this viper,
That would depopulate the city, and
Be every man himself?

Men. Your worthy Tribunes—

Sic. He shall be thrown down the *Tarpeian* Rock
With rigorous hands; he hath resisted law,
And therefore law shall scorn him further tryal
Than the severity of publick power,
Which he so sets at nought.

1 Cit. He shall well know the noble Tribunes are
The peoples mouths, and we their hands.

All. He shall be sure on't.

Men. Sir, Sir. ———

Sic. Peace.

Men. Do not cry havock, where you should but hunt
With modest warrant.

Sic. Sir, how comes it you
Have help to make this rescue?

Men. Hear me speak;
As I do know the Consul's worthiness,

So can I name his faults——

Sic. Consul! —— what Consul!

Men. The Consul *Coriolanus*.

Bru. He Consul! ——

All. No, no, no, no, no.

Men. If by the Tribunes leave, and yours, good people,
I may be heard, I'd crave a word or two,
The which shall turn you to no further harm,
Than so much loss of time.

Sic. Speak briefly then,
For we are peremptory to dispatch
This viperous traitor; to eject him hence
Were but one danger, and to keep him here
Our certain death; therefore it is decreed
He dies to-night.

Men. Now the good Gods forbid,
That our renowned *Rome*, whose gratitude
Tow'rds her deserving children, is enroll'd
In *Jove's* own book, like an unnatural dam
Should now eat up her own.

Sic. He's a disease that must be cut away.

Men. Oh, he's a limb, that has but a disease;
Mortal, to cut it off; to cure it, easie.
What has he done to *Rome*, that's worthy death?
Killing our enemies, the blood he hath lost
(Which I dare vouch, is more than that he hath,
By many an ounce) he dropt it for his country:
And what is left, to lose it by his country,
Were to us all that do't, and suffer it,
A brand to th' end o'th' world.

Sic. This is clean wrong.

Bru. Meerly awry: when he did love his country
It honour'd him.

Men. The service of the foot;
Being once gangreen'd, it is not then respected
For what before it was——

Bru. We'll hear no more.

Pursue him to his house, and pluck him thence,
Lest his infection, being of catching nature,
Spread further.

Men. One word more, one word:
This tiger-footed rage, when it shall find
The harm of unskann'd swiftness, will (too late)

Tye leaden pounds to's heels. Proceed by proceſs,
 Left parties (as he is belov'd) break out,
 And ſack great *Rome* with *Romans*.

Bru. If 'twere ſo——

Sic. What do ye talk?

Have we not had a taſte of his obedience?
 Our *Ædiles* ſmote, our ſelves reſiſted, come——

Men. Conſider this; he hath been bred i'th' wars
 Since he could draw a ſword, and is ill-ſchool'd
 In boulted language, meal and bran together
 He throws without diſtinction. Give me leave,
 I'll go to him, and undertake to bring him
 Where he ſhall answer by a lawful form,
 In peace, to his utmoſt peril.

1 Sen. Noble Tribunes,

It is the human way: the other courſe
 Will prove too bloody, and the end of it
 Unknown to the beginning.

Sic. Noble *Menenius*,

Be you then as the peoples officer.
 Maſters, lay down your weapons.

Bru. Go not home.

Sic. Meet on the *forum*; we'll attend you there,
 Where, if you bring not *Martius*, we'll proceed
 In our firſt way.

Men. I'll bring him to you.

Let me deſire your company; he muſt come,
 Or what is worſt will follow.

1 Sen. Pray let's to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Coriolanus with Nobles.

Cor. Let them pull all about mine ears, preſent me
 Death on the wheel, or at wild horſes heels,
 Or pile ten hills on the *Tarpeian* rock,
 That the precipitation might down ſtretch
 Below the beam of ſight, yet will I ſtill
 Be thus to them.

Enter Volumnia.

Noble. You do the nobler.

Cor. I muſe, my mother
 Does not approve me further, who was wont
 To call them woollen vaſſals, things created
 To buy and ſell with groats, to ſhew bare heads
 In congregations, yawn, be ſtill, and wonder,

When one but of my ordinance stood up
 To speak of peace, or war; (I talk of you)
 Why did you wish me milder? wou'd you have me
 False to my nature? rather say, I play
 The man I am.

Vol. Oh, Sir, Sir, Sir,
 I would have had you put your power well on,
 Before you had worn it out.

Cor. Let's go.

Vol. You might have been enough the man you are.
 With striving less to be so. Lesser had been
 The things that thwart your dispositions, if
 You had not shew'd them how ye were dispos'd
 Ere they lack'd power to cross you.

Cor. Let them hang.

Vol. Ay, and burn too.

Enter Menenius with the Senators.

Men. Come, come, you've been too rough, some-
 thing too rough:
 You must return, and mend it.

Sen. There's no remedy,
 Unless, by not so doing, our good city
 Cleave in the midst, and perish.

Vol. Pray be counsell'd;
 I have a heart as little apt as yours,
 But yet a brain that leads my use of anger
 To better vantage.

Men. Well said, noble woman:
 Before he should thus sloop to th' heart, but that
 The violent fit o'th' times craves it as physick
 For the whole state, I'd put mine armour on,
 Which I can scarcely bear.

Cor. What must I do?

Men. Return to th' Tribunes.

Cor. Well, what then? What then?

Men. Repent what you have spoke.

Cor. For them? I cannot do it for the Gods,
 Must I then do't to them?

Vol. You are too absolute,
 Tho' therein you can never be too noble,
 But when extremities speak. I've heard you say,
 Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
 P'th war do grow together: grant that, and tell me

In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there ?

Cor. Tush, tush —

Men A good demand.

Vol. If it be honour in your wars, to seem
The same you are not, which for your best ends
You call your policy : how is't less or worse
That it shall hold companionship in peace
With honour, as in war, since that to both
It stand in like request.

Cor. Why force you this ?

Vol. Because it lies on you to speak to the people :
Not by your own instruction, nor by th' matter
Which your heart prompts you to, but with such words
But rooted in your tongue ; bastards, and syllables
Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.
Now, this no more dishonours you at all,
Than to take in a town with gentle words,
Which else would put you to your fortune, and
The hazard of much blood.

I would dissemble with my nature, where
My fortunes and my friends at stake requir'd
I should do so in honour. I'm in this
Your wife, your son : these senators the nobles,
And you will rather shew our general lowts,
How you can frown, then spend a fawn upon 'em,
For the inheritance of their loves, and safeguard
Of what that want might ruin.

Men. Noble lady !

Come go with us, speak fair : you may salve so,
Not what is dangerous present, but the loss
Of what is past.

Vol. I pr'ythee now, my son,
Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it (here be with them)
Thy knee buffing the stones ; for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears, waving thy head,
Which often, thus, correcting thy stout heart
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
That will not hold the handling : or say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and being bred in broils
Hast not the soft way, which thou dost confess
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,

In asking their good loves, but thou wilt frame
Thy self (forfooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Men. This but done,
Ev'n as she speaks, why all their hearts were yours :
For they have pardons, being ask'd, as free,
As words to little purpose.

Vol. Pr'ythee now,
Go and be rul'd : altho' I know thou'dst rather
Follow thine enemy in a fiery gulf
Than flatter him in a bower.

Enter Cominius.

Here is *Cominius*.

Com. I have been i'th' market-place, and Sir, 'tis fit
You have strong party, or defend your self
By calmness, or by absence : all's in anger.

Men. Only fair speech.

Com. I think 'twill serve, if he
Can thereto frame his spirit.

Vol. He must and will :
Pr'ythee now say you will, and go about it.

Cor. Must I go shew them my unbarbed sconce ?
Must my base tongue give to my noble heart
A lie, that it must bear ? well, I will do't :
Yet were there but this single plot, to lose
This mould of *Martius*, they to dust should grind it,
And throw't against the wind. To th' market-place ?
You've put me now to such a part, which never
I shall discharge to th' life.

Com. Come, come, we'll prompt you.

Vol. Ay, pr'ythee now sweet son, as thou hast said
My praises made thee first a soldier ; so
To have my praise for this, perform a part
Thou hast not done before.

Cor. Well, I must do't :

- Away my disposition, and possess me
- Some harlot's spirit . my throat of war be turn'd,
- Which quired with my drum, into a pipe
- Small as an eunuch, or the virgin voice
- That babies lulls asleep ; the smiles of knaves
- Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
- The glasses of my sight : a beggar's tongue
- Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees

• Which

Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms. I will not do't,
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

Vol. At thy choice then :

To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
Thy dangerous stoutness : for I mock at death
With as big heart as thou. Do as thou list.
Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me ?
But own thy pride thy self.

Cor. Pray be content :

Mother, I'm going to the market-place :
Chide me no more. I'll mountebank their loves,
Cog their hearts from them, and come home belov'd
Of all the trades in *Rome*. Look, I am going :
Commend me to my wife. I'll return Consul,
Or never truit to what my tongue can do.
P'ch' way of flattery further.

Vol. Do your will. [Exit Volumnia, &c.]

Com. Away, the Tribunes do attend you : arm
Your self to answer mildly : for they're prepar'd
With accusations, as I hear, more strong
Than are upon you yet.

Cor. The word is, mildly. Pray you let us go.
Let them accuse me by invention : I
Will answer in mine honour.

Men. Ay, but mildly.

Cor. Well, mildly be it then, mildly. [Exit

Enter *Sicinius* and *Brutus*.

Bru. In this point charge him home, that he affects
Tyrannic power : if he evade us there,
Inforce him with his envy to the people,
And that the spoil got on the *Antiates*
Was ne'er distributed. What, will he come ?

Enter an *Ædile*.

Æd. He's coming.

Bru. How accompanied ?

Æd. With old *Menenius*, and those senators
That always favour'd him.

Sic. Have you a catalogue

Of all the voices that we have procur'd,

Set down by th' poll ?

Æd. I have ; 'tis ready, here.

Sic. Have you collected them by tribes ?

Æd. I have.

Sic. Assemble presently the people hither.

And when they hear me say, It shall be so,
I'th' right and strength o'th' commons ; be it either
For death, for fine, or banishment, then let them,
If I say fine, cry fine ; if death, cry death,
Insisting on the old prerogative
And power i'th' truth o'th' cause.

Æd. I will inform them.

Bru. And when such time they have begun to cry,
Let them not cease, but with a din confus'd
Inforce the present execution
Of what we chance to sentence.

Æd. Very well.

Sic. Make them be strong, and ready for this hint,
When we shall hap to give't them.

Bru. Go about it.

[Exit *Ædile.*

Put him to choler streight : he hath been us'd
Ever to conquer, and to have his word
Of contradiction. Being once chaf't, he cannot
Be reign'd again to temp'rance ; then he speaks
What's in his heart ; and that is there, which looks
With us to break his neck.

*Enter Coriolanus, Menenius, and Cominius, with
others.*

Sic. Well, here he comes.

Men. Calmly I do beseech you.

Cor. Ay, as an hostler, that for the poorest piece
Will bear the knave by th' volume : the honour'd Gods
Keep *Rome* in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supply with worthy men, plant love amongst you
Through our large temples with the shews of peace,
And not our street with war.

Sen. Amen, amen.

Men. A noble wish.

Enter the Ædile with the Plebeians.

Sic. Draw near, ye people.

Æd. List to your Tribunes : audience ;
Peace, I say.

Cor. First, hear me speak.

Both Tri. Well, say : peace, ho.

Cor.

Cor. Shall I be charg'd no farther than this present?
Must all determine here?

Sic. I do demand,
If you submit you to the peoples voices,
Allow their officers, and are content
To suffer lawful censure for such faults
As shall be prov'd upon you?

Cor. I am content.

Men. Lo, citizens, he says he is content:
The warlike service he has done, consider;
Think on the wounds his body bears, which shew
Like graves i'th holy church-yard.

Cor. Scratches with briars, scars to move
Laughter only

Men. Consider further:
That when he speaks not like a citizen,
You find him like a soldier; do not take
His rougher accents for malicious sounds:
But, as I say, such as become a soldier,
Rather than envy, you —

Com. Well, well, no more.

Cor. What is the matter,
That being past for Consul with full voice,
I'm so dishonour'd, that the very hour
You take it off again?

Sic. Answer to us.

Cor. Say then: 'Tis true, I ought so.

Sic. We charge you, that you have contriv'd to take
From *Rome* all season'd office, and to wind
Your self unto a power tyrannical,
For which you are a traitor to the people.

Cor. How? traitor?

Men. Nay, temperately: Your promise.

Cor. The fires i'th' lowest hell fold in the people!
Call me their traitor! thou injurious Tribune!
Within thine eyes fate twenty thousand deaths,
In thy hands clutch'd as many millions, in
Thy lying tongue both numbers; I would say
Thou liest unto thee, with a voice as free,
As I do pray the Gods.

Sic. Mark you this, people?

All. To th' rock with him.

Sic. Peace:

We need not put new matter to his charge:

What

What you have seen him do, and heard him speak,
 Beating your officers cursing your selves,
 Opposing laws with strokes, and here defying
 Those whose great power must try him, even this
 So criminal, and in such capital kind,
 Deserves th' extreamest death.

Bru. But since he hath

Serv'd well for *Rome*——

Cor. What do you prate of service?

Bru. I talk of that, that know it.

Cor. You?—

Men. Is this the promise that you made your mother?

Com. Know, I pray you——

Cor. I'll know no further:

Let them pronounce the steep *Tarpeian* death,
 Vagabond exile, fleeing, pent to linger
 But with a grain a-day, I would not buy
 Their mercy at the price of one fair word,
 Nor check my courage for what they can give,
 To have't with saying, good-morrow.

Sic. For that he has

(As much as in him lyes) from time to time
 Envy'd against the people: Seeking means
 To pluck away their power; as now at last
 Giv'n hostile strokes, and that not in the presence
 Of dreaded justice, but on the ministers
 That do distribute it, in the name o'th' people,
 And in the power of us the Tribunes, we
 (Ev'n from this instant) banish him our city
 In peril of precipitation
 From off the rock *Tarpeian*, never more
 To enter our *Rome's* gates. I'th' people's name,
 I say it shall be so.

All. It shall be so; it shall be so; let him away:
 He's banish'd, and it shall be so.

Com. Hear me, my masters, and my common
 friends——

Sic. He's sentenc'd: No more hearing.

Com. Let me speak:

I have been Consul, and can shew from *Rome*,
 Her enemies marks upon me. I do love
 My country's good, with a respect more tender,
 More holy, and profound, than mine own life,

My dear wife's estimate, her womb's increase,
And treasure of my loins: Then if I would
Speak that —

Sic. We know your drift. Speak, what?

Bru. There's no more to be said, but he is banish'd
As enemy to the people, and his country.
It shall be so.

All. It shall be so, it shall be so.

Cor. You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate.
As reek o'th' rotten fenns; whose loves I prize,
As the dead carcasses of unburied men,
That do corrupt my air: I banish you.
And here remain with your uncertainty,
Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts,
Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
Fan you into despair: Have the power still
To banish your defenders, till at length,
Your ignorance (which finds not till it feels,
Making but reservation of your selves
Still your own enemies) deliver you
As most abated captives to some nation
That won you without blows. Despising then
For you, the city, thus I turn my back:
There is a world elsewhere——

[*Exeunt Coriolanus, Cominius, and others.*

[*The people shout, and throw up their caps.*

Ædil. The people's enemy is gone, is gone!

All. Our enemy is banish'd; he is gone! Hoo! hoo!

Sic. Go see him out at gates, and follow him
As he hath follow'd you; with all despight
Give him deserv'd vexation. Let a guard
Attend us through the city.

All. Come, come; let's see him out at the gates; come.
The Gods preserve our noble Tribunes; come. [*Ext.*



A C T IV.

Enter Coriolanus, Volumnia, Virgilia, Menenius, Cominius, with the young Nobility of Rome.

Cor. COME, leave your tears: A brief farewell: The
beast

With many heads butts me away. Nay, mother, With

Where is your ancient courage? you were us'd
 To say, extremity was the trier of spirits,
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows
 When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
 A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 With precepts that would make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

Vir. Oh heav'ns! O heav'ns!

Cor. Nay, I pry'thee, woman ———

Vol. Now the red pestilence strike all trades in *Rome*.
 And occupations perish.

Cor. What! what! what!

I shall be lov'd, when I am lack'd. Nay, mother,
 Resume that spirit, when you were wont to say,
 If you had been the wife of *Hercules*,
 Six of his labours you'd have done, and sav'd
 Your husband so much sweat. *Cominius*,
 Droop not; adieu: Farewel my wife, my mother,
 I'll do well yet. Thou old and true *Menenius*,
 Thy tears are saltier than a young man's
 And venomous to thine eyes. My (sometime) General,
 I've seen thee stern, and thou hast oft beheld
 Heart-hardning spectacles. Tell these sad women
 'Tis fond to wail inevitable strokes,
 As 'tis to laugh at 'em. Mother, you wot
 My hazards still have been your solace; and
 Believe't not lightly, (tho' I go alone,
 Like to a lonely dragon, that his fen
 Makes fear'd, and talk'd of more than seen :) your son
 Will, or exceed the common, or be caught
 With cautelous baits and practise.

Vol. My first son,

Where will you go? take good *Cominius*
 With thee a while; determine on some course,
 More than a wild exposure to each chance,
 That starts i'th' way before thee.

Cor. O the Gods!

Com. I'll follow thee a month, devise with thee
 Where thou shalt rest, that thou may'st hear of us,
 And we of thee. So if the time thrust forth
 A cause for thy repeal, we shall not send

Over

O'er the vast world, to seek a single man,
And lose advantage, which doth ever cool
I'th' absence of the needer.

Cor. Fare ye well :

Thou'lt years upon thee, and thou art too full
Of the war's surfeits, to go rove with one
That's yet unbruised ; bring me but out at gate.
Come, my sweet wife, my dearest mother, and
My friends of noble touch : When I am forth,
Bid me farewell, and smile. I pray you, come.
While I remain above the ground, you shall
Hear from me still, and never of me ought
But what is like me formerly.

Men. That's worthily

As any ear can hear. Come, let's not weep.
If I could shake off but one seven years
From these old arms and legs, by the good Gods
I'd with thee every foot.

Cor. Give me thy hand.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Sicinius and Brutus, with the Ædile.

Sic. Bid them all home, he's gone ; and we'll no further,
Vex'd are the nobles, who we see have sided
In his behalf.

Bru. Now we have shewn our power,
Let us seem humbler after it is done,
Than when it was a doing.

Sic. Bid them home.

Say their great enemy is gone, and they
Stand in their ancient strength.

Bru. Dismiss them home.

Here comes his mother.

Enter Volumnia, Virgilia, and Menenius.

Sic. Let's not meet her.

Bru. Why ?

Sic. They say she's mad.

Bru. They have ta'en note of us : Keep on your way.

Vol. Oh, y'are well met :

The hoarded plague o'th' Gods requite your love.

Men. Peace, peace, be not so loud.

Vol. If that I could for weeping, you should hear—
Nay, and you shall hear some. Will you be gone ?

Virg. You shall stay too : I would I had the power
To say so to my husband.

Sic. Are you man-kind ?

Vol.

Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame? note but this fool.
Was not a man my father? hadst thou foxship
To banish him that struck more blows for *Rome*,
Than thou hast spoken words —

Sic. Oh blessed heav'ns!

Vol. More noble blows, than ever thou wise words,
And for *Rome's* good---I'll tell thee what---yet go---
Nay, but thou shalt stay too — I would my son
Were in *Arabia*, and thy tribe before him,
His good sword in his hand.

Sic. What then?

Virg. What then? he'd make an end of thy posterity.

Vol. Bastards, and all.

Good man, the wounds that he does bear for *Rome*!

Men. Come, come, peace.

Sic. I would he had continued to his country
As he began, and not unknit himself
The noble knot he made.

Bru. I would he had.

Vol. I would he had! —————'twas you incens'd the
rabble.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his worth,
As I can of those mysteries which heav'n
Will not have earth to know.

Bru. Pray let us go.

Vol. Now, pray Sir, get you gone.

You've done a brave deed; Ere you go, hear this:
As far as doth the Capitol exceed
The meanest house in *Rome*; so far my son,
This lady's husband here, this (do you see)
Whom you have banish'd, does exceed you all.

Bru. Well, well, we'll leave you.

Sic. Why stay you to be baited.

With one that wants her wits?

(*Ex. Tribunes.*)

Vol. Take my prayer with you.

I wish the Gods had nothing else to do,
But to confirm my curses. Could I meet 'em
But once a-day, it would unclog my heart
Of what lyes heavy to't.

Men. You've told them home,

And by my troth have cause: You'll sup with me?

Vol. Anger's my meat, I sup upon my self,
And so shall starve with feeding: Come, let's go,
Leave this faint puling, and lament as I do,

In anger, *Juno-like*: Come, come, fie, fie. (Exit

Enter a Roman and a Volscian.

Rom. I know you well, Sir, and you know me: Your name, I think, is *Adrian*.

Vol. It is so, Sir: truly I have forgot you.

Rom. I am a *Roman*, but my services are as you are, against 'em. Know you me yet?

Vol. *Nicanor*? no.

Rom. The same, Sir.

Vol. You had more beard when I last saw you, but your favour is well appear'd by your tongue. What's the news in *Rome*? I have a note from the *Volscian* state to find you out there. You have well saved me a day's journey.

Rom. There hath been in *Rome* strange insurrections: The people against the senators, patricians, and nobles.

Vol. Hath been! is it ended then? our state thinks not so: They are in a most warlike preparation, and hope to come upon them in the heat of their division.

Rom. The main blaze of it is past, but a small thing would make it flame again. For the nobles receive so to heart the banishment of that worthy *Coriolanus*, that they are in a ripe aptness to take all power from the people, and to pluck from them their Tribunes for ever. This lies glowing, I can tell you, and is almost mature for the violent breaking out.

Vol. *Coriolanus* banish'd?

Rom. Banish'd, Sir.

Vol. You will be welcome with this intelligence, *Nicanor*.

Rom. The day serves well for them now. I have heard it said, the fittest time to corrupt a man's wife, is when she's fallen out with her husband. Your noble *Tullus Aufidius* will appear well in these wars, his great opposer *Coriolanus* being now in no request of his country.

Vol. He cannot chuse. I am most fortunate, thus accidentally to encounter you. You have ended my business, and I will merrily accompany you home.

Rom. I shall between this and supper tell you most strange things from *Rome*; all tending to the good of their adversaries. Have you an army ready, say you?

Vol.

Vol. A most royal one. The centurions and their charges distinctly billeted, already in the entertainment, and to be on foot at an hour's warning.

Rom. I am joyful to hear of their readiness, and am the man, I think, that shall set them in present action. So, Sir, heartily well met, and most glad of your company.

Vol. You take my part from me, Sir, I have the most cause to be glad of yours.

Rom. Well, let us go together. [*Excunt.*

Enter Coriolanus in mean Apparel, disguised, and muffled.

Cor. A goodly city is this *Antium*. City,
'Tis I that made thy widows: many an heir
Of these fair edifices, for my wars
Have I heard groan, and drop: then know me not,
Lest that thy wives with spits, and boys with stones,
In puny battel slay me. Save you, Sir,

Enter a Citazen.

Cit. And you.

Cor. Direct me, if it be your will, where great *Aufidius* lies:

Is he in *Antium*?

Cit. He is, and feasts the nobles of the state, at his house this night.

Cor. Which is his house, I beseech you?

Cit. This here before you.

Cor. Thank you, Sir: Farewel. [*Exit Citizen.*

Oh world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast sworn,
Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
Are still together: who twine (as 'twere in love)
Unseparable, shall within this hour,
On a dissention of a doit, break out
To bitterest enmity. So fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And inter-join their issues. So with me,
My birth-place have I and my lovers left;
This enemy's town I'll enter; if he slay me,
He does fair justice; if he gives me way,
I'll do his country service. [*Exit.*

Musick plays. Enter a Serving-man.

1 Scr. Wine, wine, wine! what service is here? I

I think our fellows are asleep.

[Exit.

Enter another Serving man.

2 Ser. Where's Cotus? my master calls for him: Cotus.

Enter Coriolanus.

Cor. A goodly house; the feast smells well; but I
Appear not like a guest.

Enter the first Serving-man.

1 Ser. What would you have, friend? whence are you?
here's no place for you: Pray go to the door. [Exit.

Cor. I have deserv'd no better entertainment, in being
Coriolanus. [Aside.

Enter a second Servant.

2 Ser. When are you, Sir? has the porter his eyes in
his head, that he gives entrance to such companions?
pray get you out.

Cor. Away! ———

2 Ser. Away? — get you away.

Cor. Now thou'rt troublesome.

2 Ser. Are you so brave? I'll have you talk'd with
anon.

Enter a third Servant. The first meets him.

3 Ser. What fellow's this?

Ser. A strange one as ever I look'd on: I cannot get
him out o'th' house: pr'ythee, call my master to him.

3 Ser. What have you to do here, fellow? pray you
avoid the house.

Cor. Let me but stand, I will not hurt your hearth.

3 Ser. What are you?

Cor. A gentleman.

3 Ser. A marvellous poor one.

Cor. True; so I am.

3 Ser. Pray you, poor gentleman, take up some other
station, here's no place for you; pray you, avoid: come.

Cor. Follow your function, go and batten on cold bits.

[Pushes him away from him.

3 Ser. What, will you not? pr'ythee tell my master,
what a strange guest he has here.

2 Ser. And I shall.

[Exit second serving-man.

3 Ser. Where dwell'st thou?

Cor. Under the canopy.

3 Ser. Under the canopy?

Cor. Ay.

3 Ser. Where's that?

Cor. I'th' city of kites and crows.

3 Ser. I'th' city of kites and crows? what an afs it is!
then thou dwell'st with daws too?

Cor. No, I serve not thy master.

3 Ser. How, Sir! do you meddle with my master?

Cor. Ay, 'tis an honest service, than to meddle with
thy mistress: thou prat'st, and prat'st; serve with thy
trencher: hence. [Beats him away.

Enter Aufidius, with a serving-man.

Auf. Where is this fellow?

2 Ser. Here, Sir, I'd have beaten him like a dog, but
for disturbing the lords within.

Auf. Whence com'st thou? what would'st thou? thy
name?

Why speak'st not? speak man: what's thy name?

Cor. If, *Tullus*, yet thou know'st me not, and seeing me,
Dost not yet take me for the man I am,
Necessity commands me name my self.

Auf. What is thy name?

Cor. A name unmusical to *Volscian* ears,
And harsh in sound to thine.

Auf. Say, what's thy name?

Thou hast a grim appearance, and thy face
Bears a command in't; though thy tackle's torn,
Thou shew'st a noble vessel: what's thy name?

Cor. Prepare thy brow to frown; know'st thou me yet?

Auf. I know thee not; thy name?

Cor. My name is *Caius Martius*, who hath done
To thee particularly, and to all the *Volscians*,
Great hurt and mischief, thereto witness may
My surname, *Coriolanus*. The painful service,
The extream dangers, and the drops of blood
Shed for my thankless country, are requited
But with that surname. A good memory,
And witness of the malice and displeasure
Which thou could'st bear me; only that name remains.
The cruelty and envy of the people,
Permitted by our dastard nobles, who
Have all forsook me, hath devour'd the rest;
And suffer'd me by th' voice of slaves to be
Hoop'd out of *Rome*. Now this extremity
Hath brought me to thy hearth, not out of hope
(Mistake me not) to save my life; for if

I had fear'd death, of all the men i'th' world
 I'd have avoided thee. But in meer spite
 To be full quit of those my banishers,
 Stand I before thee here: then if thou hast
 A heart of wreak in thee, that wilt revenge
 Thine own particular wrongs, and stop those maims
 Of shame seen through thy country, speed thee straight,
 And make my misery serve thy turn: so use it,
 That my revengeful services may prove
 As benefits to thee. For I will fight
 Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
 Of all the under fiends. But if so be
 Thou dar'st not this, and that to prove more fortunes
 Thou'rt tir'd; then in a word I also am
 Longer to live most weary, and present
 My throat to thee, and to thy ancient malice:
 Which not to cut, would shew thee but a fool,
 Since I have ever follow'd thee with hate,
 Drawn tuns of blood out of thy country's breast,
 And cannot live, but to thy shame, unless
 It be to do thee service.

Auf. Oh, *Martius, Martius,*

Each word thou'st spoke, hath weeded from my heart
 A root of ancient envy. If *Jupiter*
 Should from yon cloud speak to me things divine,
 And say, 'tis true; I'd not believe them more
 Than thee, all-noble *Martius*. Let me twine
 Mine arms about that body, where against
 My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
 And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
 The anvil of my sword, and do contest
 As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
 As ever in ambitious strength I did
 Contend against thy valour. Know thou first,
 I lov'd the maid I married; never man
 Sigh'd truer breath: but, that I see thee here,
 Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt heart,
 Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
 Bestride my threshold. Why, thou *Mars*, I tell thee,
 We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
 Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
 Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
 Twelve several times, and I have nightly since

Dream't

Dream't of encounters 'twixt thy self and me :
 We have been down together in my sleep,
 Unbuckling helms, filling each other's throat,
 And wak'd half dead with nothing. Worthy *Martius*
 Had we no quarrel else to *Rome*, but that
 Thou art thence banish'd, we would muster all
 From twelve to seventy ; and pouring war
 Into the bowels of ungrateful *Rome*,
 Like a bold flood o'er-bear. O come, go in,
 And take our friendly Senators by th' hands,
 Who now are here, taking their leaves of me,
 Who am prepar'd against your territories,
 Though not for *Rome* it self.

Cor. You bless me, Gods !

Auf. Therefore, most absolute Sir, if thou wilt have
 The leading of thine own revenges, take
 One half of my commission, and set down,
 As best thou art experienc'd, since thou know'st
 Thy country's strength and weakness, thine own way ;
 Whether to knock against the gates of *Rome*,
 Or rudely visit them in parts remote,
 To fright them, ere destroy. But come, come in,
 Let me commend thee first to those that shall
 Say yea to thy desires. A thousand welcomes,
 And more a friend, than e'er an enemy :
 Yet, *Martius*, that was much. Your hand ; most wel-
 come. [*Exeunt.*

Enter two Servants.

1 Ser. Here's a strange alteration.

2 Ser. By my hand, I had thought to have stricken
 him with a cudgel, and yet my mind gave me, his
 clothes made a false report of him.

1 Ser. What an arm he has ! he turn'd me about with
 his finger and his thumb, as one would set up a top.

2 Ser. Nay, I knew by his face that there was some-
 thing in him. He had, Sir, a kind of face, methought,
 I cannot tell how to term it.

1 Ser. He had so : Looking, as it were—would I
 were hanged but I thought there was more in him than
 I could think.

2 Ser. So did I, I'll be sworn : He is simply the ra-
 rest man i'th' world.

1 Ser. I think he is ; but a greater soldier than he,
 you wot one.

2 Ser.

2 *Ser.* Who, my master?

1 *Ser.* Nay, it's no matter for that.

2 *Ser.* Worth six on him.

1 *Ser.* Nay, not so neither; but I take him to be the greater soldier.

2 *Ser.* Faith, look you, one cannot tell how to say that; for the defence of a town, our general is excellent.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and for an assault too.

Enter a third Servant.

3 *Ser.* Oh slaves, I can tell you news; news, you rascals.

Both. What, what, what? let's partake.

3 *Ser.* I would not be a *Roman*, of all nations; I had as lieve be a condemn'd man.

Both. Wherefore? wherefore?

3 *Ser.* Why here's he that was wont to thwack our General, *Caius Martius*.

1 *Ser.* Why do you say, thwack our General?

3 *Ser.* I do not say thwack our General, but he was always good enough for him.

2 *Ser.* Come, we are fellows and friends; he was ever too hard for him, I have heard him say so himself.

1 *Ser.* He was too hard for him directly, to say the truth on't: Before *Corioli*, he scotcht him and notcht him like a carbonado.

2 *Ser.* And, had he been cannibally given, he might have broil'd and eaten him too.

1 *Ser.* But more of thy news.

3 *Ser.* Why he is so made on here within, as if he were son and heir to *Mars*: Set at upper end o'th' table; no question ask'd him by any of the Senators, but they stand bald before him. Our General himself makes a mistress of him, sanctifies himself with's hands, and turns up the white o'th' eye to his discourse. But the bottom of the news is, our General is cut i'th' middle, and but one half of what he was yesterday. For the other has half, by the intreaty and grant of the whole table. He'll go, he says, and fowle the porter of *Rome* gates by th' ears. He will mow down all before him, and leave his passage poll'd.

2 *Ser.* And he's as like to do't as any man I can imagine,

3 *Ser.* Do't! he will do't: for look you, Sir, he has as many friends as enemies; which friends, Sir, as it were, durst not (look you, Sir) shew themselves (as we term it) his friends, whilst he's in dire&ititude.

1 *Ser.* Dire&ititude! what's that?

3 *Ser.* But when they shall see, Sir, his crest up again, and the man in blood, they will out of their burroughs (like conies after rain) and revel all with him.

1 *Ser.* But when goes this forward?

3 *Ser.* To-morrow, to-day, presently, you shall have the drum struck up this afternoon: 'Tis as it were a parcel of their feast, and to be executed ere they wipe their lips.

2 *Ser.* Why then we shall have a stirring world again: This peace is worth nothing, but to rust iron, encrease tailors, and breed ballad-makers.

1 *Ser.* Let me have war, say I, it exceeds peace, as far as day does night, it's sprightly, waking, audible, and full of vent. Peace is a very apoplexy, lethargy, mull'd, deaf, sleepy, insensible, a getter of more bastard children than war's a destroyer of men.

2 *Ser.* 'Tis so, and as war in some sort may be said to be a ravisher, so it cannot be denied, but peace is a great maker of cuckolds.

1 *Ser.* Ay, and it makes men hate one another.

3 *Ser.* Reason, because they then less need one another: The wars for my mony. I hope to see *Romans* as cheap as *Volsicians*.

They are rising, they are rising.

Both. In, in, in, in.

Enter Sicinius and Brutus.

Sic. We hear not of him, neither need we fear him, His remedies are tame: The present peace And quietness of the people, which before Were in wild hurry. Here we make his friends Blush, that the world goes well; who rather had, Though they themselves did suffer by't, beheld Dissentious numbers pestring streets, than see Our tradesmen singing in their shops, and going About their functions friendly.

Enter Menenius.

Bru. We stood to't in good time. Is this *Menenius*?

Sic. 'Tis he, 'tis he: O he is grown most kind of late. Hail, Sir. *Med.*

Men. Hail to you both.

Sic. Your *Coriolanus* is not much mis'd, but with his friends; the commonwealth doth stand, and so would do, were he more angry at it.

Men. All's well, and might have been much better, if he could have temporiz'd.

Sic. Where is he, hear you?

Men. Nay, I hear nothing:
His mother and his wife hear nothing from him.

Enter three or four Citizens.

All. The Gods preserve you both.

Sic. Good-e'en, neighbours.

Bru. Good-e'en to you all, good e'en to you all.

1 Cit. Our selves, our wives, and children, on our knees

Are bound to pray for you both.

Sic. Live and thrive.

Bru. Farewel, kind neighbours:

We wish'd *Coriolanus* had lov'd you, as we did.

All. Now the Gods keep you.

Both Tri. Farewel, farewel, *[Exe. Citizens.]*

Sic. This is a happier and more comely time,
'Than when these fellows ran about the streets,
Crying confusion.

Bru. *Caius Martius* was

A worthy officer i'th' war, but insolent,
O'ercome with pride, ambitious past all thinking,
Self-loving.

Sic. And affecting one sole throne, without assistance.

Men. Nay, I think not so.

Sic. We had by this, to all our lamentation,
If he had gone forth Consul, found it so.

Bru. The Gods have well prevented it, and *Rome*
Sits safe and still without him.

Enter Ædile.

Ædile Worthy Tribunes,

There is a slave, whom we have put in prison,
Reports the *Volsicians* with two several powers
Are entred in the *Roman* territories,
And with the deepest malice of the war
Dettroy what lies before 'em.

Men. 'Tis *Aufidius*,

Who hearing of our *Martius*' banishment,

Thrusts forth his horns again into the world ;
Which were in-thell'd, when *Martius* stood for *Rome*,
And durst not once peep out.

Sic. Come, what talk you of *Martius*?

Bru. Go see this rumourer whipt. It cannot be,
The *Volsians* dare break with us!

Men. Cannot be!

We have record that very well it can,
And three examples of the like have been
Within my age. But reason with the fellow
Before you punish him, where he heard this,
Lest you shall chance to whip your information,
And beat the messenger, who bids beware
Of what is to be dreaded.

Sic. Tell not me :

I know this cannot be.

Bru. Not possible.

Enter a Messenger.

Mesf. The nobles in great earnestness are going
All to the Senate-house ; some news is come
That turns their countenances.

Sic. 'Tis this slave :

Go whip him 'fore the people eyes : His raising !
Nothing but his report !

Mesf. Yes, worthy Sir,

The slave's report is seconded, and more,
More fearful is delivered.

Sic. What more fearful ?

Mesf. It is spoke freely out of many mouths,
How probable I do not know, that *Martius*,
Join'd with *Aufidius*, leads a power 'gainst *Rome*,
And vows revenge as spacious, as between
The young'st and oldest thing.

Sic. This is most likely.

Bru. Rais'd only, that the weaker fort may wish
Good *Martius* home again.

Sic. The very trick on't.

Men. This is unlikely.

He and *Aufidius* can no more be one
Than violentest contrariety.

Enter Messenger.

Mesf. You are sent for to the Senate ;
A fearful army, led by *Caius Martias*,
Associated with *Aufidius*, rages

Upon

Upon our territories, and have already
O'er-born their way, consum'd with fire, and took
What lay before them.

Enter Cominius.

Com. Oh, you have made good work.

Men. What news? what news?

Com. You have help to ravish your own daughters, and
To melt the city leads upon your pates,
'To see your wives dishonour'd to your noses.

Men. What's the news? what's their news?

Com. Your temples burned in their cement, and
Your franchises, whereon you stood, confin'd
Into an augre's bore.

Men. Pray now the news?

You've made fair work, I fear me: Pray, your news?
If *Martius* should be joyned with the *Volscians*,

Com. If? he is their God, he leads them like a thing,
Made by some other deity than nature,
That shapes man better; and they follow him
Against us brats, with no less confidence,
Than boys pursuing summer butter-flies,
Or butchers killing flies.

Men. You've made good work,
You and your apron-men; that stood so much
Upon the voice of occupation, and
The breath of garlick-eaters.

Com. He'll shake your *Rome* about your ears.

Men. As *Hercules* did shake down mellow fruit:
You have made fair work

Bru. But is this true, Sir?

Com. Ay, and you'll look pale
Before you find it other. All the regions
Do smilingly revolt, and who resists
Are mock'd for valiant ignorance,
And perish constant fools: Who is't can blame him?
Your enemies and his find something in him.

Men. We're all undone, unless
The noble man have mercy.

Com. Who shall ask it?

The Tribunes cannot do't for shame; the people
Deserve such pity of him, as the wolf
Does of the shepherds: His best friends, if they
Shou'd say, be good to *Rome*, they charge him even

As those should do that had deserv'd his hate,
And therein shew'd like enemies.

Men. 'Tis true.

If he were putting to my house the brand
That would consume it, I have not the face
To say, beseech you cease. You've made fair hands,
You and your crafts! you've crafted fair!

Com. You've brought
A trembling upon *Rome*, such as was never
So incapable of help.

Tri. Say not we brought it.

Men. How? was it we? we lov'd him; but, like beasts
And cowards nobles, gave way to your clusters,
Who did hoot him out o'th' city.

Com. But I fear
They'll roar him in again. *Tullus Aufidius*,
'The second name of men, obeys his points
As if he were his officer: desperation,
Is all the policy, strength, and defence
That *Rome* can make against them.

Enter a Troop of Citizens.

Men. Here come the clusters. ———
And is *Aufidius* with him? ——— You are they
That made the air unwholesome, when you cast
Your stinking, greasie caps, in hooting at
Coriolanus's Exile. Now he's coming,
And not a hair upon a soldier's head
Which will not prove a whip; as many coxcombs,
As you threw caps up, will he tumble down,
And pay you for your voices. 'Tis no matter,
If he should burn us all into one coal,
We have deserved it.

Omnes. Faith, we hear fearful news.

1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 'twas pity.

2 *Cit.* And so did I.

3 *Cit.* And so did I; and to say the truth, so did very
many of us; that we did, we did for the best: and tho'
we willingly consented to his banishment, yet it was a-
gainst our will.

Com. Y'are goodly things; you voices! ———

Men. You have made you good work,
You and your cry. Shall's to the Capital?

Com.

Com. Oh, ay, what else? [Exeunt.]

Sic. Go, masters, get you home, be not dismay'd
These are a fide, that would be glad to have
This true, which they so seem to fear. Go home,
And shew no sign of fear.

Cit. The Gods be good to us: come, masters, let's
home. I ever said we were i'th' wrong, when we banish'd
him.

Cit. So did we all; but come, let's home. [Ex. *Cit.*]

Bru. I do not like this news.

Sic. Nor I.

Bru. Let's to the Capitol; would half my wealth
Would buy this for a lie.

Sic. Pray let us go. [Exeunt *Tribunes.*]

Enter Aufidius with his Lieutenant.

Auf. Do they still flie to th' Roman?

Lieu. I do not know what witchcraft's in him; but
Your soldiers use him as the grace 'fore meat,
Their talk at table, and their thanks at end;
And you are darken'd in this action, Sir,
Even by your own.

Auf. I cannot help it now.

Unless, by using means, I lame the foot
Of our design. He bears himself more proudly
Even to my person, than I thought he would
When first I did embrace him. Yet his nature
In that's no changling, and I must excuse
What cannot be amended.

Lieu. Yet I wish, Sir,

(I mean for your particular) you had not
Join'd in commission with him; but had born
The action of your self, or else to him
Had left it solely.

Auf. I understand thee well, and be thou sure,
When he shall come to his account, he knows not,
What I can urge against him; though it seems,
And so he thinks, and is no less apparent
To th' vulgar eye, that he bears all things fairly,
And shews good husbandry for the *Volscian* state,
Rights dragon-like, and does atchieve as soon
As draw his sword: yet he hath left undone
That which shall break his neck, or hazard mine,
Whene'er we come to our account.

Licu. Sir, I beseech, think you he'll carry *Rome*?

Auf. All places yield to him ere he sits down,
 And the nobility of *Rome* are his:
 The Senators and Patricians love him too:
 The Tribunes are no soldiers; and their people
 Will be as rash in the repeal, as hasty
 To expel him thence. I think he'll be to *Rome*
 As is the Aspray to the fish, who takes it
 By sovereignty of nature. First, he was
 A noble servant to them, but he could not
 Carry his honour even; whether pride,
 Which out of daily fortune ever taints
 The happy man; whether defect of judgment,
 To fail in the disposing of those chances,
 Whereof he was the lord; or whether nature,
 Not to be other than one thing, not moving
 From th' cask to th' cushion, but commanding peace
 Even with the same austerity and garb,
 As he controll'd the war. But one of these,
 (As he hath spices of them all) not all,
 For I dare so far free him, made him fear'd,
 So hated, and so banish'd; but he has merit
 To choak it in the utterance: so our virtues
 Lye in th' interpretation of the time;
 And power, unto it self most commendable,
 Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair
 T' extol what it hath done.
 One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
 Right's by right fouler, strengths by strengths do fail.
 Come, let's away; when, *Caius*, *Rome* is thine,
 Thou'rt poor'st of all, then shortly art thou mine.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T V.

Enter Menenius, Cominius, Sicinius, Brutus, with others.

Men. **N**O, I'll not go: you hear what he haith said,
 Which was sometime his General; who lov'd
 In a most dear particular. He call'd me, father: [him
 But what o'that? go you that banish'd him,
 A mile before his tent, fall down, and knee
 The way into his mercy: nay, if he coy'd

To

To hear *Cominius* speak, I'll keep at home.

Com. He would not seem to know me.

Men. Do you hear?

Com. Yet one time he did call me by my name:

I urg'd our old acquaintance, and the drops
'That we have bled together. *Coriolanus*,
He would not answer to; forbad all names,
He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
'Till he had forg'd himself a name o'th' fire
Of burning *Rome*.

Men. Why, so; you've made good work:
A pair of Tribunes, that have rack'd for *Rome*,
To make coals cheap: a noble memory!

Com. I minded him, how royal 'twas to pardon
When it was least expected. He reply'd,
It was a bare petition of a state
'To one whom they had punish'd.

Men. Very well, could he say less?

Com. I offer'd to awaken his regard
For's private friends. His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them, in a pile
Of noisom musty chaff. He said, 'twas folly,
For one poor grain or two, to leave unburnt,
And still to nose th' offence.

Men. For one poor grain or two?
I'm one of those: his mother, wife, his child,
And this brave fellow too, we are the grains;
You are the musty chaff, and you are smelt
Above the moon. We must be burnt for you.

Sic. Nay, pray be patient: if you refuse your aid
In this so-never-needed help, yet do not
Upbraid us with our distress. But sure if you
Would be your country's pleader, your good tongue,
More than the instant army we can make,
Might stop our country-man.

Men. No: I'll not meddle.

Sic. Pray you go to him.

Men. What should I do?

Bru. Only make tryal what your love can do
For *Rome*, tow'rds *Martius*.

Men. Well, and say that *Martius*
Return me, as *Cominius* is return'd,
Unheard: what then?

But as a discontented friend, grief shot

With

With his unkindness. Say't be so?

Sic. Yet your good will
Must have that thanks from *Rome*, after the measure
As you intended well.

Men. I'll undertake it:
I think he'll hear me. Yet to bite his lip,
And hum at good *Cominius*, much unhearts me.
He was not taken well, he had not din'd.
The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We powt upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts: therefore I'll watch him
'Till he be dieted to my request,
And then I'll set upon him.

- *Bru.* You know the very road into his kindness,
And cannot lose your way.

Men. Good faith, I'll prove him,
Speed how it will. I shall ere long have knowledge
Of my success. [*Exit.*

Com. He'll never hear him.

Sic. Not?

Com. I tell you, he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn *Rome*: and his injury
The goaler to his pity. I kneel'd before him,
'Twas very faintly he said, rise: dismiss'd me
Thus with his speechless hand. What he would do,
He sent in writing after; what he would not,
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions:
So that all hope is vain, unless his mother
And wife (who as I hear) mean to solicit him
For mercy to his country: therefore hence,
And with our fair intreaties haste them on. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius to the watch or guard.

1 *Watch.* Stay: whence are you?

2 *Watch.* Stand, and go back.

Men. You guard like men, 'tis well. But by your leave
I am an officer of state, and come
To speak with *Coriolanus*.

1 *Watch.* Whence?

Men. From *Rome*.

1 *Watch.* You may not pass, you must return, our General
Will no more hear from thence. 2 *Watch.*

2 *Watch*. You'll see your *Rome* embrac'd with fire, before
You'll speak with *Coriolanus*.

Men. Good, my friends,
If you have heard your General talk of *Rome*,
And of his friends there, it is lots to blanks,
My name hath touch'd your ears; it is *Menenius*.

1 *Watch*. Be it so, go back: the virtue of your name
Is not here passable.

Men. I tell thee, fellow,
Thy General is my lover: I have been
The book of his good acts, whence men have read
His fame unparalell'd happily amplified:
For I have ever verified my friends,
(Of whom he's chief) with all the size that verity
Would without lapsing suffer: nay, sometimes,
Like to a bowl upon a subtle ground
I've tumbled past the throw; and in his praise
Have, almost, stamp'd the leasing. Therefore, fellow,
I must have leave to pass.

1 *Watch*. Faith, Sir, if you had told as many lies in
his behalf, as you have utter'd words in your own, you
should not pass here: no, though it were as virtuous to
lie, as to live chastly. Therefore go back.

Men. Pr'ythee, fellow, remember my name is *Menenius*,
always factionary of the party of your General.

2 *Watch*. Howsoever you have been his liar, as you
say you have; I am one that, telling true under him,
must say you cannot pass. Therefore go back.

Men. Has he din'd, canst thou tell? for I would not
speak with him 'till after dinner.

1 *Watch*. You are a *Roman*, are you?

Men. I am as thy General is.

1 *Watch*. Then you should hate *Rome*, as he does.
Can you, when you have push'd out of your gates the
very defender of them, and in a violent popular ig-
norance, given your enemy your shield, think to front
his revenges with the easie groans of old women, the
virginal palms of your daughters, or with the palsied
intercession of of such a decay'd dotard as you seem to
be? can you think to blow out the intended fire your
city is ready to flame in, with such weak breath as
this? no, you are deceiv'd; therefore back to *Rome*,
and prepare for your execution: you are condemn'd,

our General his sworn you, out of reprieve and pardon.

Men. Sirrah, if thy captain knew I were here, he would use me with estimation.

1 Watch. Come, my captain knows you not.

Men. I mean thy General.

1 Watch. My General cares not for you. Back, I say, go; lest I let forth your half pint of Blood. Back, that's the utmost of your having, back.

Men. Nay, but fellow, fellow.

Enter Coriolanus with Aufidius.

Cor. What's the matter?

Men. Now you champion, I'll say an errand for you, you shall know now that I am in estimation; you shall perceive, that a jack-gardant cannot office me from my son *Coriolanus*; guess but my entertainment with him; if thou stand't not i'th' state of hanging, or of some death more long in spectatorship, and crueller in suffering, behold now presently, and swoon for what's to come upon thee.——The glorious Gods sit in hourly synod about thy particular prosperity, and love thee no worse than thy old father *Menenius* does. Oh, my son, my son! thou art preparing fire for us; look thee, here's water to quench it. I was hardly mov'd to come to thee; but being assured none but my self could move thee, I have been blown out of our gates with sighs, and conjure thee to pardon *Rome*, and thy petitionary countrymen. The good Gods assuage thy wrath, and turn the dregs of it upon this varlet here; this, who like a block hath denied my access to thee——

Cor. Away.

Men. How, away?

Cor. Wife, mother, child, I know not, My affairs
Are servented to others; Though I owe
My revenge properly, remission lyes
In *Polscian* breasts. That we have been familiar,
Ingrate forgetfulness shall poison, rather
Than pity: not how much——therefore be gone,
Mine ears against your suits are stronger than
Your gates against my force. Yet for I loved thee,
'Take this along, I writ it for thy sake,

(Gives him a Letter.

And would have sent it. Another word, *Menenius*,
I will not hear thee speak. This man, *Aufidius*, Was

Was my belov'd in *Rome*; yet thou behold'st——

Auf. You keep a constant temper. (*Exe.*

Manent the Guard and Menenius.

1 *Watch.* Now, Sir, is your name *Menenius*?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis spell you see of much power: You know the way home again.

1 *Watch.* Do you hear how we are flent for keeping your greatness back?

2 *Watch.* What cause do you think I have to swoon?

Men. I neither care for th' world, nor your General: For such things as you I can scarce think there's any, y'are so slight. He that hath a will to die by himself, fears it not from another: Let your General do his worst. For you, be what you are long; and your misery encrease with your age. I say to you, as I was said to, Away. [*Exit.*

1 *Watch.* A noble fellow, I warrant him.

2 *Watch.* The worthy fellow is our General. He's the rock, the oak not to be wind-shaken [*Ex. Watch.*

Re-enter Coriolanus and Aufidius.

Cor. We will before the walls of *Rome* to-morrow Set down our host. My partner in this action, You must report to th' *Volscian* lords how plainly I've born this business.

Auf. Only their ends you have respected; stopt Your ears against the general suit of *Rome*: Never admitted private whisper, no Not with such friends that thought them sure of you.

Cor. This last old man, Whom with a crack'd heart I have sent to *Rome*, Lov'd me above the measure of a father: Nay, godded me, indeed. Their latest refuge, Was to send him: For whose old love, I have (Tho' I shew'd sow'rly to him) once more offer'd The first conditions, which they did refuse, And cannot now accept, to grace him only, That thought he could do more: a very little I've yielded to. Fresh embassie, and suits, Nor for the state, nor private friends hereafter Will I lend ear to.—Ha! what shout is this?

[*Shout within.*

Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same time 'tis made? I will not——

Enter

Enter Virgilia, Volumnia, Valeria, young Martius, with Attendants.

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break;
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.
What is that curt'sie worth? or those dove's eyes,
Which can make Gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others: My mother bows,
As if *Olympus* to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, deny not. Let the *Volsians*
Plough *Rome*, and harrow *Italy*; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct: But stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virg. My lord and husband!

Cor. These eyes are not the same I wore in *Rome*.

Virg. The sorrow that delivers us thus chang'd,
Makes you think so.

Cor. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny, but do not say,
For that, forgive our *Romans*.— O a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now by the jealous Queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since.— You Gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink my knee i'th' earth; [Kneels.
Of the deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Vol. O stand up blest!

Whilst with no softer cushion than the flint
I kneel before thee, and improperly
Shew duty as mistaken all the while, [Kneels.
Between the child and parent.

Cor. What is this?

Your knees to me? to your corrected son?
Then let the pebbles on the hungry breach
Fillop the stars: Then, let the mutinous winds Strike

Strike the proud Cedars 'gainst the fiery sun :
Murd'ring impossibility to make
What cannot be slight work.

Vol. Thou art my warrior,
I help to frame thee. Do you know this lady ?

Cor. The noble sister of *Poplicola* :
The moon of *Rome*, chaste as the isicle,
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on *Dian's* temple : Dear *Valeria*——

Vol. This is a poor epitome of yours,
[*Shewing young Martius.*

Which by th' interpretation of full time,
May shew like all your self.

Cor. The God of soldiers,
With the consent of supream *Jove*, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee.

Vol. Your knee, firrah.

Cor. That's my brave boy.

Vol. Even he, your wife, this lady, and my self,
Are suitors to you.

Cor. I beseech you, peace :
Or if you'd ask, remember this before ;
The thing I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by your denial. Do not bid me
Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with *Rome's* mechanics. Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural : Desire not
T'allay my rages and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. Oh, no more ; no more :
You've said you will not grant us any thing :
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already : Yet we will ask,
That if we fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness ; therefore hear us.

Cor. *Aufidius*, and you *Volsicians*, mark ; for we'll
Hear nought from *Rome* in private.—Your request ?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We've lead since thy exile. Think with thy self,
How more unfort'nate than all living women

Are

Are we come hither ; since thy fight, which should
Make our hearts flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,

Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out : And to poor we,
Thine enmity's most capital ; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the Gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy. For how can we,
Alas ! how can we, for our country pray,
Whereto we're bound ? together with thy victory,
Whereto we're bound ? Alack, or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse ; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An eminent calamity, tho' we had
Our wish, which side shou'd win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets, or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For my self, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine : If I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one ; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Vir. Ay, and mine too,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.

Boy. He shall not tread on me :
I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires no child nor woman's face to see :
I've sat too long.

Vol. Nay, go not from us thus :
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the *Romans*, thereby to destroy
The *Volscians* whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisonous of your honour. No ; our suit
Is that you reconcile them : While the *Volscians*

May say, this mercy we have shew'd; the *Romans*,
 This we receiv'd; and each in either side
 Give thee all hail to thee, and cry, be blest
 For making up this peace. Thou know'st, great son,
 The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
 That if thou conquer *Rome*, the benefit
 Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
 Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses,
 Whose chronicle thus writ, 'the man was noble —
 ' But with his last attempt he wip'd it out,
 ' Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
 ' To th' ensuing age, abhorr'd. Speak to me, son:
 Thou hast affected the first strains of honour,
 To imitate the graces of the Gods,
 To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o'th' air,
 And yet to change thy sulphur with a bolt,
 That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
 Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
 Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, speak you:
 He cares not for your weeping. Speak thou, boy,
 Perhaps thy childishness will move him more
 Than can our reasons. There's no man in the world
 More bound to's mother, yet here he lets me prate
 Like one i'th' flocks. Thou'lt never in thy life
 Shew'd thy dear mother any courtesie;
 When she (poor hen) fond of no second brood,
 Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home
 Loaden with honour. Say my request's unjust,
 And spurn me back: But if it be not so,
 Thou art not honest, and the Gods will plague thee
 That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which
 To a mother's part belongs. He turns away:
 Down ladies; let us shame him with our knees,
 To his fir-name *Coriolanus* 'longs more pride,
 Than pity to our prayers. Down; and end,
 This is the last. So we will home to *Rome*,
 And die among our neighbours: Nay, behold us.
 This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
 But kneels, and holds up hands for fellowship,
 Does reason our petition with more strength
 Than thou hast to deny't. Come, let us go:
 This fellow had a *Volscian* to his mother:
 His wife is in *Corioli*, and his child
 Like him by chance; yet give us our dispatch:

I'm husht until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.

Cor. Mother, mother! [*Holds her by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? behold, the heav'ns do ope,
The Gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. Oh, my mother, mother! oh!
You've won a happy victory to *Rome*:

But for your son, believe it, oh believe it,
Most dang'rously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. Let it come:—

Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good *Aufidius*,
Were you in my stead, say, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, *Aufidius*?

Auf. I too was mov'd.

Cor. I dare be sworn you were;
And, Sir, it is no little thing to make
Mine eyes to sweet compassion. But, good Sir,
What peace you'll make, advise me: For my part,
I'll not to *Rome*, I'll back with you, and pray you
Stand to me in this cause. O mother! wife!

Auf. I'm glad thou'st set thy mercy and thy honour
At difference in thee; out of that I'll work
My self a former fortune. [*Aside.*

Cor. Ay, by and by; but we will drink together;
And you shall bear [*To Vol. Virg. &c.*
A better witness back than words, which we
On like conditions will have counter-seal'd.
Come, enter with us: Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In *Italy*, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Menenius and Sicinius.

Men. See you yond coin o'th' capitol, yond corner
stone?

Sic. Why, what of that?

Men. If it be possible for you to displace it with your
little finger, there is some hope the ladies of *Rome*,
especially his mother, may prevail with him. But I
say there is no hope in't, our throats are sentenc'd, and
stay upon execution.

Sic. Is't possible that so short a time can alter the con-
dition of a man?

Men.

Men. There is difference between a grub and a butterfly, yet your butterfly was a grub; this *Martius* is grown from man to dragon: he has wings, he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me; and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight years old horse. The tartness of his face sours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground shrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corslet with his eye: talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He sits in his state as a thing made for *Alexander*. What he bids be done is finish'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother shall bring from him; there is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; that shall our poor city find; and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The Gods be good unto us.

Men. No, in such a case the Gods will not be good unto us. When we banish'd him, we respected not them: and he returning to break our necks, they respect not us.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Sir, if you'd save your life, fly to your house; The Plebeians have got your fellow-tribune, And hale him up and down, all swearing, if The *Roman* ladies bring not comfort home, They'll give him death by inches.

Enter another Messenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Mes. Good news, good news, the ladies have prevail'd, The *Volsians* are dislodg'd, and *Martius* gone: A merrier day did never yet greet *Rome*, No, not th' Expulsion of the *Tarquins*.

Sic. Friend, Art certain this is true? is it most certain?

Mes. As certain as I know the sun is fire: Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it? Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide, As the recomforted through the gates. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets, Hautboys, Drums beat, all together.*]

The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and fifes,
 Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting *Romans*
 Make the fun dance. Hark you. [*A shout within.*]

Men. This is good news:

I will go meet the ladies. This *Volumnia*
 Is worth of consuls, senators, patricians,
 A city full: of tribunes, such as you,
 A sea and land full. You've pray'd well to-day:
 This morning, for ten thousand of your throats
 I'd not have given a doit. Hark how they joy.

[*Sound still with the shouts.*]

Sic. First, the Gods bless you for your tidings: next
 Accept my thankfulness.

Mef. Sir, we have all great cause to give great thanks.

Sic. They're near the city?

Mef. Almost at point to enter.

Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*Exeunt.*]

*Enter two senators with ladies passing over the stage,
 with other lords.*

Sen. Behold our patronness, the life of *Rome*:
 Call all your tribes together, praise the Gods,
 And make triumphant fires: strew flowers before them:
 Unshout the noise that banish'd *Martius*;
 Repeal him with the welcome of his mother:
 Cry, welcome ladies, welcome.

All. Welcome ladies, welcome. [*Exeunt,*
A flourish with drums and trumpets.]

Enter Tullus Aufidius, with Attendants.

Auf. Go tell the lords o'th' city, I am here:
 Deliver them this paper: having rec'd it,
 Bid them repair to th' market-place, where I,
 Even in theirs, and in the common ears,
 Will vouch the truth of it. He I accuse
 The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
 Intends t'appear before the people, hoping
 To purge himself with words. Dispatch.

Enter three or four Conspirators of Aufidius's faction.

Most welcome.

1 *Con.* How is it with our General?

Auf. Even so,

As with a man by his own alms impoyson'd,
 And with his charity slain.

2 *Con.* Most noble Sir,

If you do hold the same intent, wherein

You

You wish'd us parties: we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell,

We must proceed as we do find the people.

3 Con. The people will remain uncertain, whilst
'Twi'x't you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the survivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;

And my pretext to strike at him, admits
A good construction. I rais'd him, and pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth; who being so heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing so my friends; and to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before,
But to be rough, unswayable, and free.

3 Con. Sir, his stoutness
When he did stand for Consul, which he lost
By lack of slooping——

Auf. That I would have spoke of:
Being banish'd for't, he came unto my hearth,
Presented to my knife his throat; I took him,
Made him joint servant with me; gave him way
In all his own desires; nay, let him chuse
Out of my files, his projects to accomplish,
My best and freshest men; serv'd his designments
In mine own person; help'd to reap the fame
Which he did make all his; and took some pride
To do my self this wrong; 'till at the last,
I seem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance, as if
I had been mercenary.

1 Con. So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it, and at last
When he had carried *Rome*, and that we look'd
For no less spoil, than glory——

Auf. There was it;

For which my sinews shall be stretch'd upon him:
At a few drops of womens rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he sold the blood and labour
Of our great action; therefore shall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But hark.

[Drums and trumpets sound, with great shouts of the people.]

1 Con. Your native town you enter'd like a post,
And had no welcomes home, but he returns

Splitting the air with noise

2 *Com.* And patient fools,
Whose children he hath slain, their base throats tear,
Giving him glory.

3 *Com.* 'Therefore at your vantage,
Ere he expresses himself, or move the people
With what he would say, let him feel your sword,
Which we will second, when he lies along,
After your way, his tale pronounc'd, shall bury
His reasons with his body.

Auf. Say no more,
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the City.

All Lords. You're most welcome home.

Auf. I have not deserv'd it.

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

All. We have.

1 *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.

What faults he made before the last, I think
Might have found easie fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin, and give away
'The benefit of our levies, answering us
With our own charge, making a treaty where
There was a yielding! admits no excuse.

Auf. He approaches, you shall hear him.

*Enter Coriolanus marching with drums and colours the
Commons being with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords; I am return'd, your soldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but still subsisting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That prosperously I have attempted, and
With bloody passage led your wars, even to
'The gates of *Rome*: our spoils we have brought home
Do more than counterpose a full third part
The charges of the action. We've made peace
With no less honour to the *Antiates*
Than shame to th' *Romans*: and we here deliver,
Subscribed by the Consuls and Patricians,
'Together with the seal o'th' Senate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords.

But tell the traitor in the highest degree

He

He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor! — how now! —

Auf. Ay, traitor, *Martius*. —

Cor. *Martius*! —

Auf. Ay, *Martius*, *Caius*, *Martius*; dost thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy stoln name
Coriolanus, in *Corioli*?

You lords and head o'th' state perfidiously
He has betray'd your business, and given up,
For certain drops of salt, your city *Rome*;
I say your city, to his wife and mother,
Breaking his oath and resolution, like
A twist of rotten silk, never admitting
Counsel o'th' war; but at his nurse's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory,
That pages blush'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondring each at other.

Cor. Hear'it thou, *Mars*?

Auf. Name not the God, thou boy of tears.

Cir. Ha!

Auf. No more.

Cor. Measureless liar, thou hast made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy? O slave! —
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the first time that ever
I'm forc'd to scold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Must give this cur the lie; and his own notion,
Who wears my stripes impress'd upon him, that
Must bear my beating to his grave, shall join
To thrust the lie unto him.

1 *Lord.* Peace both, and hear me speak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, *Volscians*, men and lads,
Stain all your edges in me. Boy! false hound! —
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That like an eagle in a dove coat, I
Flutter'd your *Volscians* in *Corioli*.
Alone I did it. Boy! —

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

All Con. Let him dye for't.

All People. Tear him to pieces, do it presently:
He kill'd my son, my daughter, kill'd my cousin,
He kill'd my father.

2 *Lord.*

2 *Lord.* Peace,—no outrage—peace—
The man is noble, and his frame folds in
This orb o'th' earth; his last offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing. Stand, *Aufidius*,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O that I had him,
With six *Aufidius's*, or more; his tribe;
To use my lawful sword——

Auf. Insolent villain.

All Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[*The conspirators all draw, and kill Martius,
who falls, and Aufidius stands on him.*]

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold:

Auf. My noble lords, hear me speak.

1 *Lord.* O, *Tullus*—

2 *Lord.* Thou hast done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3 *Lord.* Tread not upon him—masters all, be quiet,
Put up your swords.

Auf. My lords, when you shall know (as in this rage
Provok'd by him, you cannot) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Please it your honours
To call me to your Senate, I'll deliver
My self your loyal servant, or endure
Your heaviest censure.

1 *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him. Let him be regarded
As the most noble corpse, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2 *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from *Aufidius* a great part of blame:
Let's make the best of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am struck with sorrow: take him up:
Help three o'th' chiefest soldiers; I'll be one.
Beat thou the drum that it speak mournfully:
Trail your steel pikes. Though in this city he
Hath widowed and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he shall have a noble memory.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of Martius. A dead
march sounded.*]

ead